no apologies

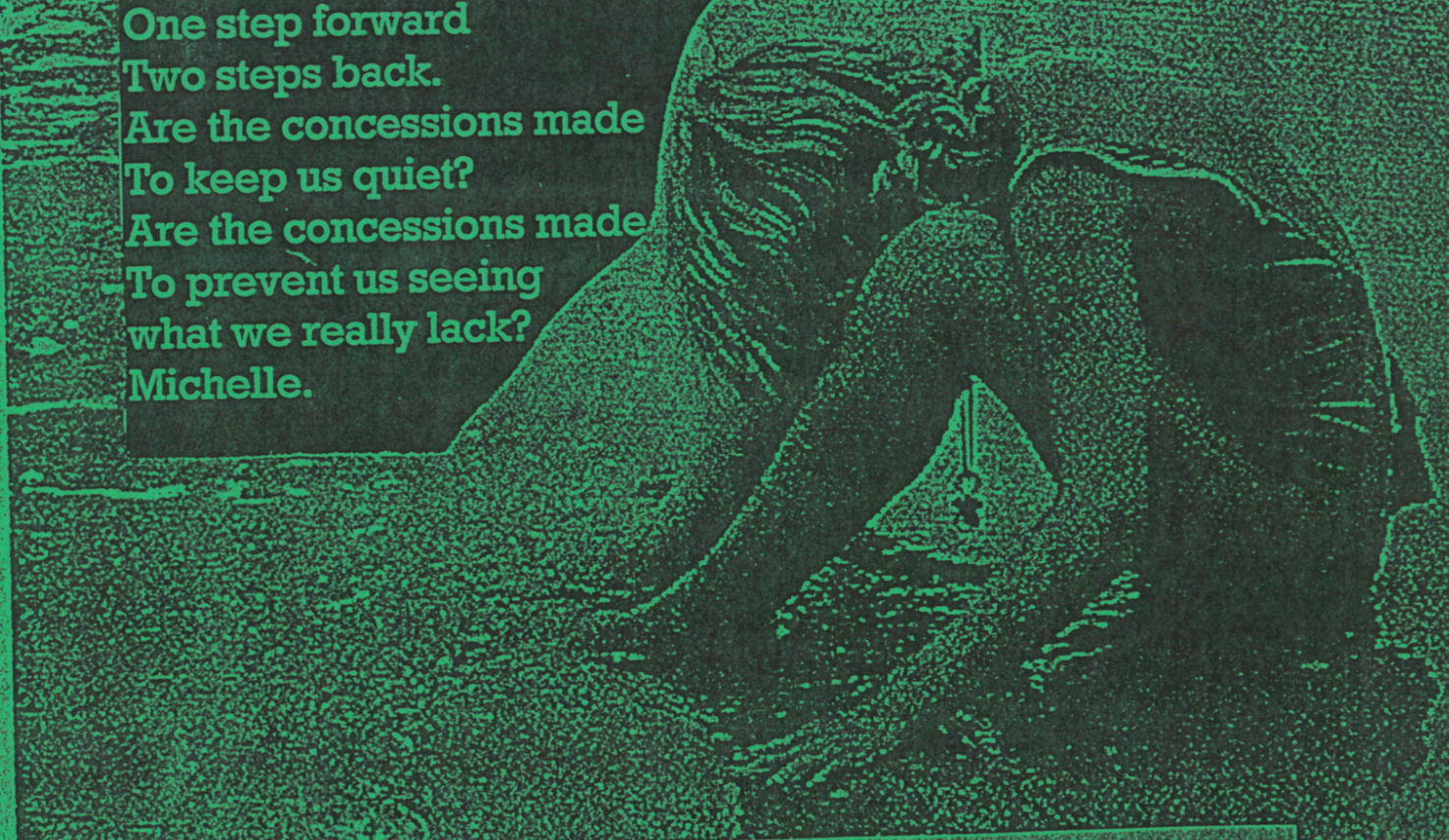
#3

NO APOLOGIES

D.I.Yfeministveganhardcorepunkrocknroll

There is a difference between equity and equality

Unequal input
To get equal outcomes.
Inequalities
Don't just fade away when everyone is treated 'equally'.
When everyone is treated the 'same'
The disadvantages that were
There in the beginning remain.
One step forward
Two steps back.
Are the concessions made
To keep us quiet?
Are the concessions made
To prevent us seeing
what we really lack?
Michelle.



Hello Hello! number 3 has finally arrived, after almost half a year we are ready to do it all again. We have purposely tried to direct this at a wider sector of society rather than keeping it exclusively in the hardcore punk scene. I feel that many different people from various parts of our world will benefit or be interested in what is held inside these pages.

Thankyou to you for taking the time to read this. Please feel free to contact us for any reason.

Thankyou to all of my friends, old and new who help me to confront myself and the things that enter my life. You all give me a reason to continue and an urge to fight.

I dedicate this to every person who can stand up for their beliefs even if it means looking fear in the face and standing alone.

XhonestyXloyaltyXsincerityX

Xkirsty Wilson
74 Gladstone
Wollongong N
2500
Australia

NO APOLOGIES D.I.Yfeministveganhardcorepunkrocknroll

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Who's afraid of the F word?

(feminism)... I know I used to be. I remember about four years ago when I first started writing to Kirsty we would screw our noses up at feminism, because we were taught they were 'men-haters'. We were all for social change back then... vego, Straight Edge anti-racist... hell, I even thought about joining Resistance! But feminism... we could not associate ourselves with that.

Now I am very proud to call myself a feminist. I guess it took my friends and I some run ins with some pretty foul men to label ourselves with the 'f' word. However, I hope this does not happen to the wimmin out there who "are all for equal rights, but don't call themselves feminists"... join the force to make sure wimmin aren't treated like shit again! Men too, you don't need a vagina to support feminism. I still love men very much (well, you know, some!) I just hate the attitudes towards wimmin our society has, and the people that perpetuate them.

I think a lot of girls in the hardcore scene (and in life) who are "tough" girls, but hate to be called a feminist are rejecting the label for fear of being "not one of the boys". It's that whole man-hater myth. Men can't stand to think they aren't idolised!! Girls who try to impress the boys this way may not be the typical valley girl, but they are still trying to act in a way so that men will accept them. I say, fuck that. If a man is wary because you believe in wimmin's rights, then he just feels threatened! They know they have it good up there the top of the food chain (so they reckon) and all... BUT WE SHALL BREAK THAT CHAIN!

Any fe/mail can be sent to me at

74 Gladstone Ave.
Wollongong, NSW 2500. AUSTRALIA.

X JYOTI X

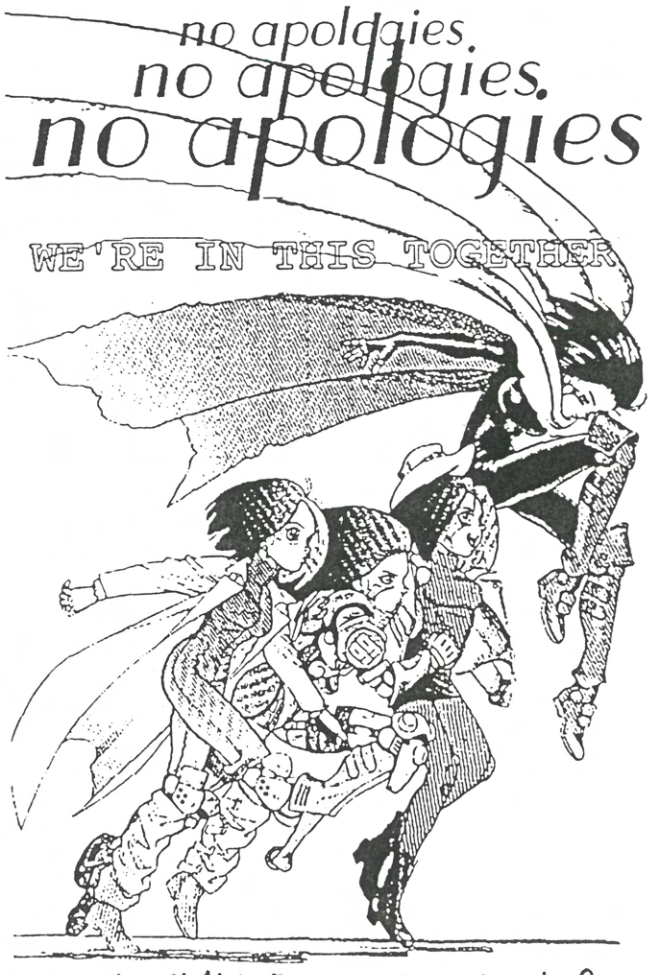
p.s I would love to hear all people's thoughts on feminism in the new millenium. Male/ female/ anywhere in between and beyond with any opinion, please write. We can all learn from each other.

Thanxxx for inspiration:
Michelle & Kirsty, Dan for the hugs, Christine, Eli, Rinnee, my mum, my family, my friends and all my sistas and brothers who are fighting everyday to make this world a better place. Love from, Jyoti.

hugs & kisses XoXo

A lot of people wonder why we substitute 'wimmin' for 'women' etc, well here's the explanation. Our language constructs the way we view the world. The things we mean are implied in what we say, and what we don't say. Until only recently, the word 'MAN' was used in order to describe all humyn beings. The word 'he' was used the same way. Even though you may mean to encompass everyone under this label it stores into our brain the male is everywhere, that if you are not 'him' you are the lesser. Same when the words 'postman', 'fireman' etc are used. You may think you mean males and females in those jobs, but your word choice constructs a whole different system of meaning and implies a whole lot more than the use of he/she or firefighter. By changing the spelling of 'woman' to 'womyn' we are recognising the fact that we are different. We can't just be encompassed under men. It is a political act, and if you think it is meaningless and petty, then you are so ignorant to the way in which language *shapes our reality*. All I can say is, imagine if womyn were the oppressors and we wrote all the Herstory books. If everyone was described under 'she' and 'postwoman' etc. men would feel a little unrecognised too. – X JYOTI X.

NO APOLOGIES **XXX D.I.Y FEMINIST VEGAN HARDCORE PUNK ROCKNROLL GRRRLS (and friends) FIGHTING TO END SOCIAL OPPRESSION IN ALL ITS FORMS.**



xBattle Angel Alitax appears courtesy of VIZ comics + artist Yukito Kishiro

'I like the drops that drop into the toilet like paint.'
[Ensler, Eve, The Vagina Monologues, p40]

I was 12 when I experienced my first period. I had learnt well before then that it was socially desirable for us wimmin to deny aspects of our sexuality. I learnt to pretend that I was not bleeding when I was. To go on with business as usual. To dispose of those pads and tampons secretly. And we definitely were not allowed to have a leakage in public. For me the first few years of my period were covered in shame, fear and secrecy. I was scared and disgusted by the sight of my own blood.

We were told in so many ways that blood is 'dirty', 'painful', 'messy', and that whiteness equals purity. Big industries like to tell us that so they can sell us their product. So that there product would have a continuous demand. So we can all be agents in the demise of a throwaway society where money is more important than people, and where some people are considered to be more valuable than others. What exactly are we buying into when we buy their product?

I realise now that when our energy is employed to hide the fact that we are bleeding, to forget what is going on within our bodies we separate ourselves from ourselves, other wimmin and the rest of the universe, including the earth. We deny an integral part of our experience. Our sexuality. 'We lose power by pretending that bleeding is not occurring.'[Parvâti , Jeannine, Hygieia: A Womyn's Herbal, p 10]

Menstruation has not always been perceived in such a negative way, and it does not have to be, for some of us it was a positive experience from the beginning 'My friend Marcia they celebrated when she got hers, They had dinner for her.' [Ensler, Eve The Vagina Monologues, p37] For those of us who have not had this positive beginning, it is possible for us to create our own celebrations and rituals. Which allow us to reclaim our period as an empowering, creative and insightful experience, a time for renewal, a grounding experience, which enables us to take time out and return to ourselves and our connections with other wimmin. Rituals give us permission to heal and regenerate, to honor our bodies and vaginas for the temples that they are.

I bought some 'Rad Pads' last year, and I have found that using cloth pads and washing them myself has been a ritual which has allowed me to get in touch with my bodies cycles and my womynhood, as well as with the rest of the universe. It has been an essential component of me reclaiming my sexuality, and taking my power back. When we get used to seeing and handling our own blood we shed our self-disgust, and fear, I am no longer scared of my own blood, and my period is no longer shrouded in secrecy, my pads are hanging on the line for all to see. I am also more likely to

take time for myself. I have made the decision to stop wearing tampons, I have come to the realisation that tampons are literally, plugs, they block my energy flow and soak up all my fluids not only blood. Chemicals are not safe, anything that can make us die of toxic shock syndrome is not supposed to be in our vaginas, and not to mention the luxury tax. Apparently us wimmin spend $171.8 million each year on disposable pads and menstrual products [as cited in the Rad Pads pamphlet 1998]. Not only is this consumption costly for our pockets it is also costly for the earth.

You can buy Rad Pads from coops, like the Alfalfa House on Enmore Road, Environment centres, and maybe even health food shops, and you can also get organic tampons, or use sea sponges, if you are still addicted to the plugs and want an alternative.

The most empowering and inexpensive thing to do would be to **Do It Yourselves**, or make your own. I would like to share a pattern with you that I came across in a book called Hygieia: A Womyns Herbal by Jeannine Parvâti'.

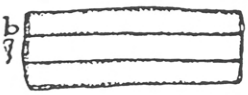
Our blood is a gift, just like our stories.
Michelle.

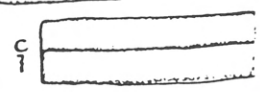
suggested materials

soft cloth, rags, velvet, calico, muslin, satin
1" wide elastic
velcro ~ self-adhesive tape
cotton batting or sponge
herbs: pennyroyal, cinnamon, peppermint, raspberry, chamomile, & so on.

the pad

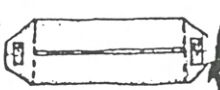
① Take a piece of cloth approx. 10"x 15", fold long edges in 2" & then into the middl like this ~





② Turn edges under to form tabs, like this ~

③ Sew edges down. Attach velcro to inside edges.



You now have a cloth envelope in which to stuff cotton batting or sponge, and herbs of your choosing.

Revolution Girl Style Now

RIOT GRRRL

REVOLUTION GRRRL STYLE NOW!

You don't need to be a punk.
You don't need our permission.
There are no rules.
No leader.
Every girl is a Riot Grrrl.

Riot Grrrl, DC[69]

HAS MUCH CHANGED IN THE TWENTY YEARS OF RIOT GRRRLS FORMATION?

It seems the things these grrrls were upset with are still there. Still to the same degree. There is not hardly a mention of riot grrrl in our scene. Maybe only to the extent that Kathleen Hanna is a cutie and Bikini Kill are a cool band. It seems to me many have given up the fight... well we won't let that happen! Riot Grrrl may have transformed itself over the years to a trendy, teenybopper fashion in the pages of Dolly, but the ESSENCE is still there. The issues wimmin have to fight against in the punk rock scene (and everywhere!) still need to be fought against. We can't give up now that just because there are a few more girls in bands and doing zines etc.

A lot of girls in the scene who don't feel oppressed, or just allow themselves to be a part of the 'brotherhood' can't see there is so much still to fight for. I used to feel this way, and like I said in the intro it took really bad stuff to happen for us to realise wimmin (and anyone who doesn't conform to the standard) are still oppressed. We shouldn't have to act like men to fit into the scene. We shouldn't feel ashamed of having a sisterhood in the scene of brothers. We shouldn't have to look pretty or impress the boys to be accepted. We should be ourselves, and fight to end oppression in all of its forms, because only then are we truly free.

- X JYOTI X

EXERPT 'Revolution Grrrl Style Now' from Stephen Duncombe "Zines, Notes From Underground" 1997: Verso Press

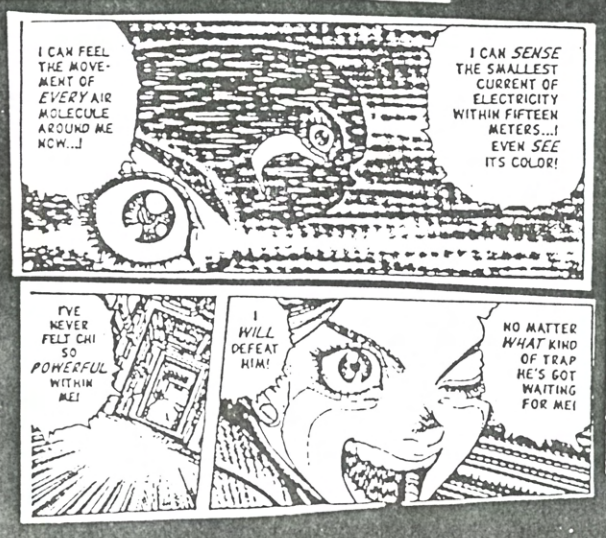
In a 1983 issue of *Maximumrocknroll* – while men were busy defining punk in the letters section – a group of women published the results of an informal poll surveying the feelings of women in the punk scene. The anonymous replies revealed a deep discontent with women's place in the Scene:

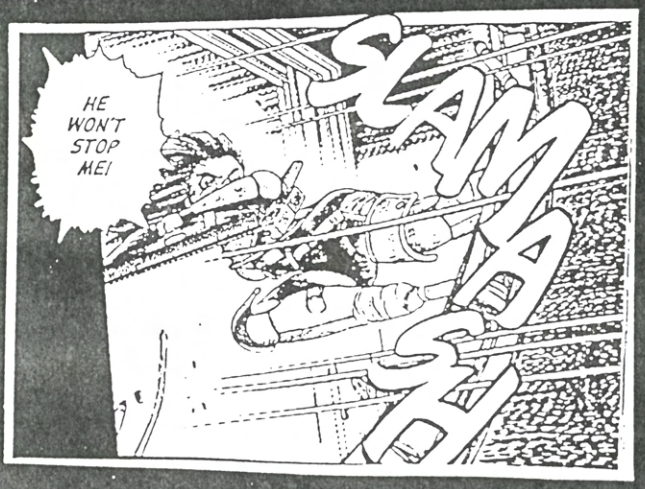
> When I flip through these American punk zines, all I see are pictures after pictures of what looks like the same guy with an almost-shaved head, leaping and grimacing with a microphone and no shirt.... God, it gets boring! Just once, I'd like to see a photo of a girl playing a guitar and really working at it.
>
> There are so few girls into hardcore here and they are totally into their boyfriends more than anything. I'm TIRED of living through someone else!

But the women also came up with some solutions:

> How about a women's caucus of punk music?
>
> I feel that if women want to be more involved, do it! Write for a fanzine, start a fanzine, set up gigs.
>
> There are no easy answers, but I do know that women should be there for each other and talk, and most important listen. If we don't help ourselves, who will?[70]

Less than a decade later, in Olympia, WA, Riot Grrrl was founded. Bringing together the radical critique of patriarchy and desire for female community of past feminist movements, and the in-your-face, rebellious individualism of punk rock, Riot Grrrl was a network of young women linked by zines and bands ... and their anger, dedicated to "putting the punk back into feminism and feminism into punk."[71]


I CAN FEEL THE MOVEMENT OF EVERY AIR MOLECULE AROUND ME NOW...!
I CAN SENSE THE SMALLEST CURRENT OF ELECTRICITY WITHIN FIFTEEN METERS...! I EVEN SEE ITS COLOR!
I'VE NEVER FELT CHI SO POWERFUL WITHIN ME!
I WILL DEFEAT HIM!
NO MATTER WHAT KIND OF TRAP HE'S GOT WAITING FOR ME!



emember the "fat kid" in the movie 'Stand By Me'? Sure you do..he as the ugly stupid one. What childrens movie doesn't have the token t child? Not only does this set a body image standard at an early age, implys that fat people are goofy, uncoordinated and complainers.

The average size womyn in Australia is a size 14.... Go into Portmans, Sportsgirl, Miss Shop, Esprit etc and find me a size 18 dress for dinner , no chance, these shops only stock max size 14. Are young girls who are larger than this not entitled to wear the latest fashions from the popular stores?

Stupidgirl

Diet products are mainly marketed at older people giving them the hope for a body of a 20 year old. Everything from diet pills, milkshakes, excersise equipment, microwave food. Can't we see that these things arent working because losing weight involves a whole lifestyle change than just popping a pills instead of eating?.

SNEAKY WAYS TO IMPROVE YOUR DIET (without even noticing)

Yes it is true we live in a thin world, in a place where "fat" is something loathed and ridiculed. We live in a society that would beautify a person with anorexia, a sickness, than someone who fits into our average. We live with people who don't even consider that we are not all born thin, no matter what we eat or how much we exercise will always be the same. We live in a place that take away food dripping with fat or caked with sugar is considered the tastiest, where sport is for the gifted and the talented, where we all wither with age anyway, where to be successful is to be loved, beautiful and desired, where fat is learned as an insult from when we are born and a place where media worships waifs and excludes the rest.
We do not live in a world where one size fits all, realize the only reason you hate it is because you have been taught to.
XKirstyX

Reclaiming your virginity....

In ancient times the word virginity suggested a womyn who was in control of her sexuality. Modern day society has transformed the meaning into a person who has never engaged in "sex".

After long discussions on this I have come to the conclusion that I very much detest this word. "Virgin" only refers to a person who has not engaged in a sexual act involving a penis and penetration. It is not inclusive to lesbians who chose not to penetrate the vagina but for the purpose of ths article I am going to use the terms virgin and virginity with the definition of any person has not experienced any sexual actvity.

I was raised in a single parent family, my Dad tried his best to instill "good" and "proper" morals into us. Sex was rarely, infact never, discussed after 'Harold the Giraffe' came to our school when I was 8.

Although my knowledge of sex was limited to that in which I had seen on TV or learned at school the un-said rules on virginity were stricly enforced. I knew from an early age that "good girls" were virgins and "dirty girls" were not. I didn't know exactly why I had to save myself for love or marriage but I didn't want to be considered cheap so my overall perception was that virginity was very special and it was important to lose it in the right way.

I waited until the time was right for me and the physical experience of it was not dissapointing nor as scary as I had imagined . It was funny though, because the first thing that ran through my mind afterwards was "Have I done the right thing?". After this initial confusion I was pretty much happy with the choice I had made because I cared for my partner and respect was mutual. At this stage I felt that my virginity was over but when this relationship ended I had a sudden urge to take it back with me and this is where I got thinking.

Physical evidence of sex is non existant in males and I felt it was non existant in me, so sure it is the first time we participate in this act but what really changed? Is it nessesary to place such importance on the whole thing? I think not.

Each person you are sexual with begins a new experience for you and for them. No time will be exactly the same as another and no person will feel the same as the last.

Your sexual being is very unique and each person you chose to be with will bring out a different part of you.

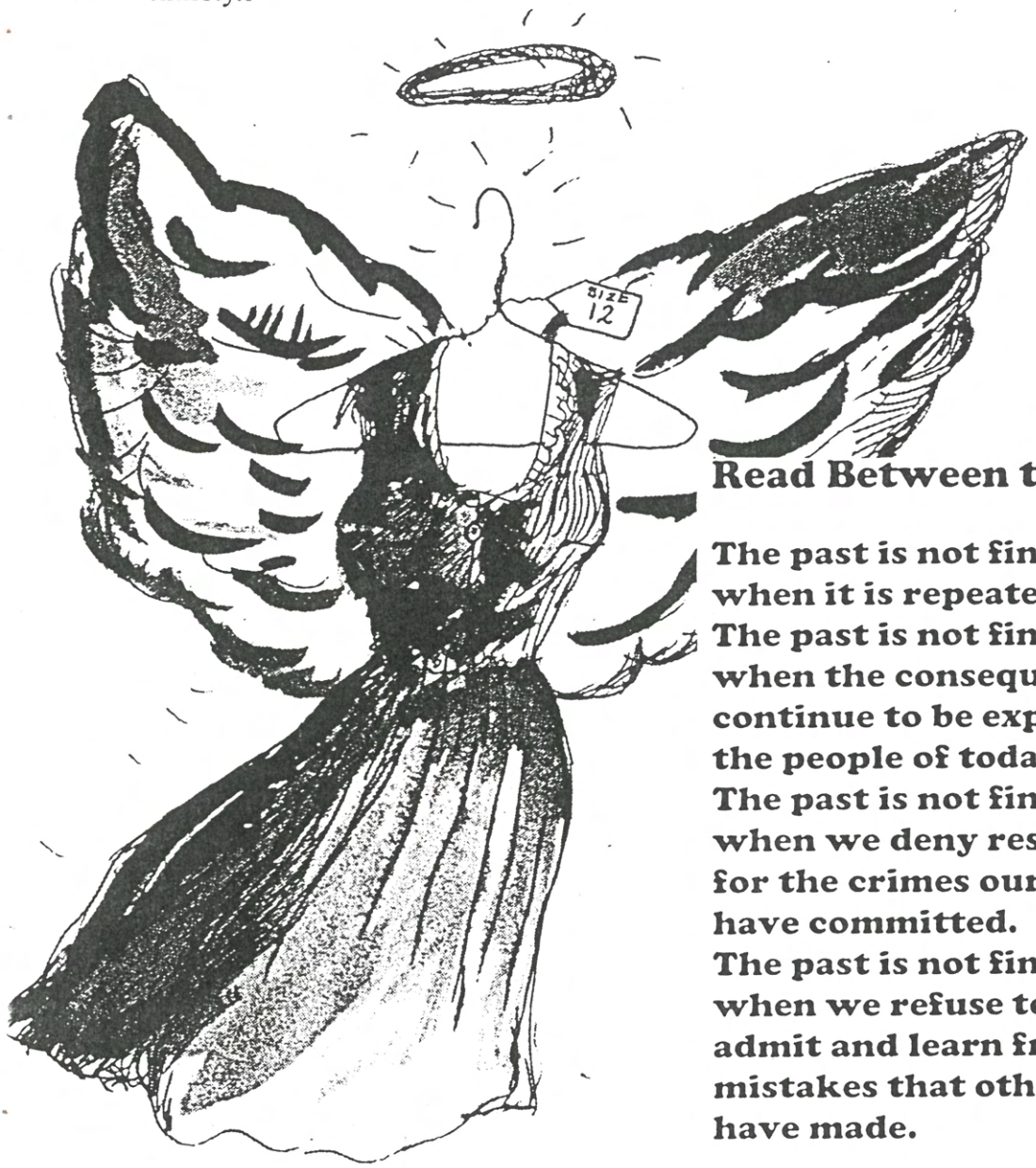
The point I am trying to convey is that can't we all be virgins in a sense? When we end one encounter and begin with a new person aren't we all in the same position? Arent we all starting again? Regardless of if it is a one night stand or the end of a 50 year marriage I believe that we are back at the start.

I feel that one of the worst things society, and indiviuals can do is put an emphesis on virginity. If sex is viewed as extreamly sacred then chances are the person will wait until love or maraige, if it is viewed as expression of effection than maybe it will be given more freely. Who knows, who cares, it is up to the individual to decide but lets consider the results if virginity as we know it was ultered into something we can go through at any age with a variety of different people.

I believe that if this was the case the fear of sex growing up for me would have been lessened. I believe many people would be relieved of guilt and regret. I believe that people would see sex with a new person in a different light. I believe that sex for would

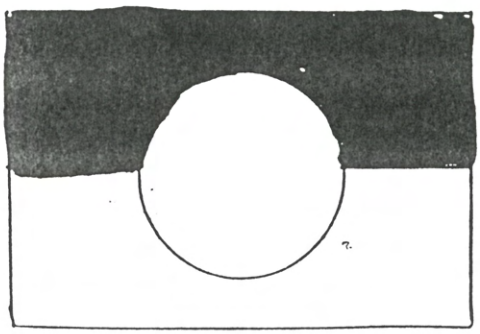
are not losing anything we are beginning and sharing and it is possible to begin and share with many people through a life span.
In my eyes virginity can be for anyone who wants to have it, we should celebrate it rather than be taught that you lose it once and it can never be regained. If you make the right choice first time, great ,if you regret it then its ok because next time will be different..
So today I reclaim my virginity, I remain intact, pure and clean with no regrets and no expreience. I am saving myself for the next person that I choose to open to but until then I am where I was from the start, waiting to find the "one".
From this day forward I never "lost" my virginity I just got it back out to use again.

-xkirstyx



Read Between the Lies/Lines

The past is not finished
when it is repeated everyday.
The past is not finished
when the consequences of the past
continue to be experienced by
the people of today.
The past is not finished
when we deny responsibility
for the crimes our ancestors
have committed.
The past is not finished
when we refuse to
admit and learn from
mistakes that others and ourselves
have made.



When we turn our heads the other way
the ghosts of our ancestors come alive.
The same practices and policies
different names.
Assimilation.
Integration.
Multiculturalism.
Colonisation of bodies and minds
may be disguised
but it is still genocide.

No Longer Blind (But I Still Can't See)

I can't walk past anyone in the street.

Try to imagine the mixing of the recipe:

1) Create a personality based on insecurity and a lack of self confidence
2) Add to it the protective arms of suburbia and a passion for computer games and comics, resulting in an anti-social lifestyle of a childhood spent indoors
3) Then sprinkle on top the following experiences:
   - Watching a group of thugs stomp on the head of some kid at your school
   - Being confronted on the train by a pair of drunk rednecks
   - Watching a gang of thugs run through your school and beat up a kid
   - Watching two kids run through your school with a plank of wood and a machete
   - Being relayed the experiences of your friends and family...

I can't walk past anyone in the street anymore.

1999 was the best year of my life so far. I moved out from my parents in the early weeks of January, and survived Year 12 at high school on student allowance, with a UAI of 79.8. I went to Melbourne with my band, and played some rad shows with a really cool bunch of people. I went vegan. I read some awesome books, saw some awesome movies, met some awesome people and ate some awesome food.

What 1999 also marked was the beginnings of a depression, and form of social phobia within myself that I haven't really discussed with many people, bar some of my closest friends.

I can't walk past anyone in the street anymore, because I'm scared.

I don't know what I am scared of. I know it isn't fear of being beaten up, because if I can't run, my wounds will heal. I know it isn't fear of being mugged, because I'm too poor to carry much money anyhow. I know it isn't fear of being heckled, because I went to highschool.

It is this fear that has prevented me from enjoying my life to the fullest. I'm usually able to cope with the daytime. It is the night that scares me the most. It is the stories of kids like me running into unsatiable types which keep me inside at night when I could be out for a midnight skate.

But what annoys me the most is the irrationality of this fear. I know I am scared: I don't know of what. I know what I'm not scared of: I don't know what I am. This irrationality has caused me a slight case of depression over the past few months, in that I feel at odds with myself and I don't know why.

I can't walk past anyone in the street anymore, because I'm scared, and I don't know why.

Our culture feeds on fears of people like me. It creates the people to be feared through mass cuture manipulation and the creation of stereotypes and roles to be fulfilled. It creates people to fear through the same means. Through this, there can be an assured division, and the problem is that mass culture has manipulated us into recognising that many of the people to be feared are those who are struggling with the lives of the socially down-trodden: the lower classes, the racial minorities and the mentally unbalanced.

This instills more unease in me, because the very things that I fight against feeling have been conditioned into me: racial stereotyping, a stigmatisation of the poor and mentally unbalanced. And so, I have been sinking deeper and deeper into this self criticism, and confusion.

This has delayed me from talking to anyone about it, and has kept me in a rut for the past year of my life.

I can't walk past anyone in the street anymore, because I'm scared, and I don't know why, but I know that I can beat this.

I believe that No Apologies most important aspect is that it offers self empowerment through self expression. And so I'm here, laying my thoughts out to you, to scoff, or embrace, or relate. Most of all, I'd like to know if there is anyone else that feels the same as me - and I'm sure there is, but maybe not to the point of the plain ridiculous (like me!) – and I'd like to talk to anyone who would like to talk. I already feel empowered writing this out, and even though I don't understand the basis of my fear, I know I can beat this.

* * *

Sometimes it takes years to understand why, and what it meant. As a kid, I was pretty confused and led a life of basic solitude. I only ever had a few kids for friends, and even then a lot of the time it was based on attraction more than common interests. It's hard to understand when you're so young, but when you fall in love with another boy, and you're brought up in a society that ostracises homosexuality, you can be very confused with how you feel. This was me. Even now, it's hard to understand why.

* * *

That's it for me. 'nolongerblind' #8 will be out in September, and will be well worth the wait. In the meantime, if you want to get a copy of #6, #7 or the split with Unified Fury, please email me. If you want to chat, I'd love to hear from you. Until then, keep up the fucking fight! Noone will ever be happy until the last capitalist is strangling to death with the guts of the last patriarchist (such a word?)!!

Contact Dan at: nxlxb@yahoo.com

nolongerblind

an australian **hardcore** fanzine

pro-anarchist, pro-feminist, pro-straight edge

100% **DIY** hardcore punk

for a copy of the latest issue, send **$3** (in cash or stamps) to:

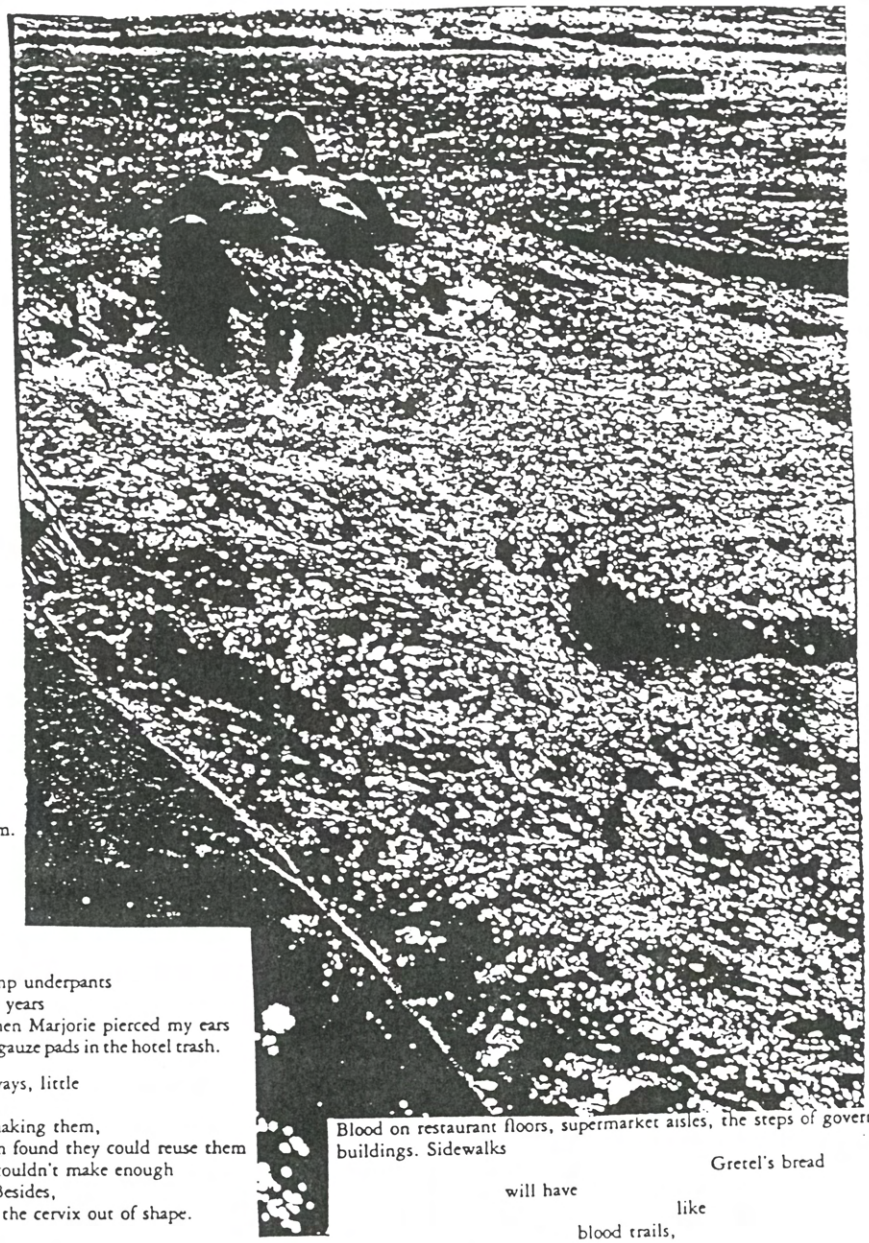
74 gladstone ave
wollongong, nsw
2500 australia

or for more info email:

nxlxb@yahoo.com

Tampons

Ellen Bass



My periods have changed. It is years
since I have swallowed pink and gray darvons, round
chalky midols from the bottle with the smiling girl.
Now I plan a quiet space,
protect myself those first few days when my uterus lets
go and I am an open anemone. I know
when my flow will come. I watch my mucous pace
changes like a dancer, follow the fall
and rise of my body heat. All this
and yet I never questioned them, those slim white handies.

It took me years to learn to use them
starting with pursettes and a jar of vaseline.
I didn't know where the hole was.
I didn't even know enough
to try to find one. I pushed until
only a little stuck out and hoped
that was far enough.
I tried every month through high school.

And now that I can change it in a moving car—
like Audrey Hepburn changing dresses in the taxi
in the last scene of Breakfast at Tiffany's—
I've got to give them up.

Tampons, I read, are
bleached, are
chemically treated to
compress better,
contain asbestos.
Good old asbestos. Once we learned not to shake it—
Johnson & Johnson's—on our babies or diaphragms,
we thought we had it licked.

So what do we do? They're universal.
Even macrobiotics and lesbian separatists are hooked on them.

Go back to sanitary napkins?
Junior high, double napkins
on the heavy days, walking home damp underpants
chafing thighs. It's been a full twelve years
since I have worn one, since Spain when Marjorie pierced my ears
and I unloaded half a suitcase of the big gauze pads in the hotel trash.

Someone in my workshop suggested tassaways, little
cups that catch the flow.
They've stopped making them,
we're told. Women found they could reuse them
and the company couldn't make enough
money that way. Besides,
the suction pulled the cervix out of shape.

Then diaphragms.
It presses on me, one woman says.
So swollen these days. Too tender.

Menstrual extraction, a young woman says.
I heard about that. Ten minutes
and it's done.
But I do not trust putting tubes into my uterus each month.
We're told everything is safe
in the beginning.

Mosses.
The Indians used mosses.
I live in Aptos. We grow
succulents and pine.
I will buy mosses
when they sell them at the co-op.

Okay. It's like the whole birth control schmeer.
There just isn't a good way. Women bleed.
We bleed.
The blood flows out of us. So we will bleed.
Blood paintings on our thighs, patterns
like river beds, blood on the chairs in
insurance offices, blood on Greyhound buses
and 747's, blood blots, flower forms
on the blue skirts of the stewardesses.

Blood on restaurant floors, supermarket aisles, the steps of government
buildings. Sidewalks
Gretel's bread
will have
like
blood trails,
crumbs. We can always find our way.

We will ease into rhythm together, it happens
when women live closely—African tribes, college sororities—
our blood flowing on the same days. The first day
of our heaviest flow we will gather in Palmer, Massachusetts
on the steps of Tampax, Inc. We'll have a bleed-in.
We'll smear the blood on our faces. Max Factor
will join OB in Bankruptcy. The perfume industry
will collapse, who needs
whale sperm, turtle oil, when we have free blood?
For a little while cleaning products will boom,
409, Lysol, Windex. But
the executives will give up. The cleaning woman is leaving a
red wet rivulet, as she scrubs down the previous stains.
It's no use. The men would have to
do it themselves, and that will never come up
for a vote at the Board. Women's clothing manufacturers, fancy
furniture, plush carpet, all will phase out. It's just not
practical. We will live the old ways.

Simple floors, dirt or concrete, can be hosed down
or straw, can be cycled through the compost.
Simple clothes, none in summer. No more swimming pools.
Swim in the river. Yes, swim in the river.
Dogs will fall in love with us.
We'll feed the fish with our blood. Our blood
will neutralize the chemicals and dissolve the old car parts.
Our blood will detoxify the phosphates and the
PCB's. Our blood will feed the depleted soils.
Our blood will water the dry, tired surface of the earth.
We will bleed. We will bleed. We will
bleed until we bathe her in our blood and she turns
slippery new like a baby birthing.

Nutritional Herbal Tea

To aid elimination during menstruation, drink a tea of the following:

Equal parts: *Yellow Dock Root*
Red Clover Blossoms
Burdock Root
Nettles
and
Cassia Bark (Chinese cinnamon)

MEAT IS mainstream

'Feminism that has the elimination of oppression as its agenda, rather than just one or more of its symptoms truly transcends any other critical ideology.'
Jackie Huggins. Sistergirl, p70.

Eating meat supports the systems of capitalism and patriarchy. It conforms to all expectations of society's norms. Eat meat and you're part of the system, supporting the system, reinforcing the system.You are a consumer, a capitalist, an exploiter, A SLAVE.

Eating meat has nothing to do with health. It has nothing to do with it "tasting good" (this is the weakest excuse of all). It has to do with the fact that you are supporting capitalism and patriarchy. You are an oppressor. Even if you don't think you are, and the choice of eating meat is yours, well I'm sorry, but you are wrong.

EATING THE FLESH OF A DEAD ANIMAL IS THE MOST SYMBOLIC EXAMPLE OF DOMINANCE AND POWER. You may not be thinking this as you chew and swallow another mouthful of flesh, but the fact you are removed from the violence of killing and the fact you call it MEAT not a dead cow or whatever you are consuming highlights the way in which oppression occurs. Not being able to see another living thing as a feeling thinking soul perpetuates violence. Burying it gravy, sauce, cooking it until it is no longer the colour of blood, but "golden brown".

Eating meat is attributed to masculinity. A man who does not eat meat is viewed as a 'pussy', 'faggot', less than a 'real'man. There is male language associated with meat.

'It has to do with the function of the male within our society. Football players drink beer because it is a man's drink, and eat steak because it is a man's meal. The emphasis is on 'man-sized portions', 'hero' sandwiches; the whole terminology of meat eating reflects this masculine bias' (Marty Feldman as sited in Adams, C.J 'The Sexual Politics of Meat')

Eating meat is the acceptance of oppression. The association with the masculine and meat eating divides the world in a patriarchal sense. It is POWER that allows us to kill and consume the amount of meat the western world does, and when this power is attributed to men, the division of power in society is exemplified. Capitalism and patriarchy are the two systems you support through meat eating. All forms of oppression are expressed in the consumption of meat in western society.

'Animals and humans suffer and die alike. If you had to kill your own hog before you ate it, most likely you would not be ale to do it. To hear the hog scream, to see the blood spill, to see the baby taken away from its momma, and see the look of death in the animal's eye would turn our stomach. SO you get the man at the packing house to do the killing for you. In like manner, if the wealthy aristocrats who are perpetuating conditions in the ghetto actually heard the screams of ghetto suffering, or saw the slow death of hungry little kids, or witnessed the strangulation of manhood [sic] and dignity, they could not continue the killing. But the wealthy are protected from such horror…If you can justify killing to eat meat, you can justify the conditions of the ghetto. I cannot justify either one'

- Dick Gregory, vegetarian, civil rights activist 1968.

Meat eating and violence against wimmin have often been linked. This is because the way in which you remove yourself from the violence of the murder of the animals, you do so when you reduce a living, feeling, thinking womyn to a slab of meat. Even if you believe you are do not treat wimmin in this way (or are a meat eating womyn) you are symbolically saying it is okay to reduce a living thing into a tasty object every time you take a bite.

MEAT IS mainstream

continued...

'Feminism that has the elimination of oppression as its agenda, rather than just one or more of its symptoms truly transcends any other critical ideology.'
Jackie Huggins. Sistergirl, p70.

If you don't think about the killing and violence, and the fact the thing on your plate was once alive and had thoughts and feelings, perhaps you would not eat meat. If you don't care then you may as well just accept other forms of oppression in society. I know it has been socialised so far into your brain it is hard to let go of, but just being AWARE will do so much more to end oppression. Look at your reactions to this article, do you scoff at me? DO you think that the conclusions between wimmin, racism, capitalism and meat eating are unfounded? Think about it just that little bit more, and please write to me, I would love to discuss this article further because there is no way I could put everything in this.

We are not natural meat eaters. We con't have sharp claws or teeth to kill our prey. There is no valid reason for eating meat. None at all. -Jyoti

* Two excellent books to read are: John Robbins 'Diet for a New World'
Carol J. Adams 'The Sexual Politics of Meat'

1988

Joy Williams

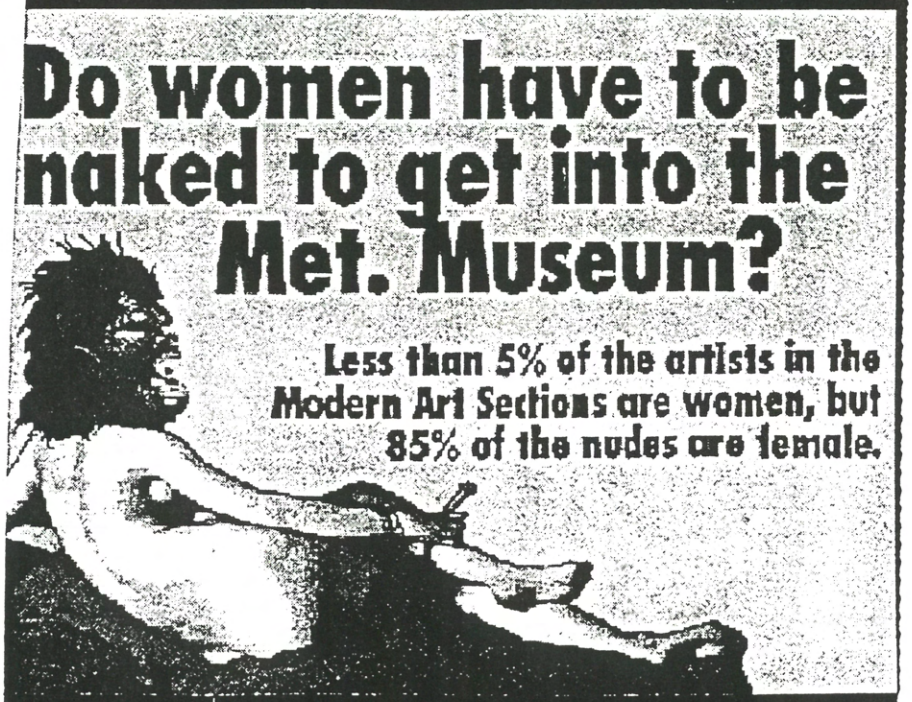
No thanks, very much,
I decline your invitation
To celebrate the murder of my brothers,
I'll curl around a wattle tree
And listen to the screams of my sisters
And hear the sighs of my daughters
Who were never born.

No thanks, very much,
I decline your invitation
To spend blood money you offer
As scant compensation —
For genocide.

But
Thanks for your diseases,
Your V.D., your flu and smallpox,
Your poisoned flour did a lot for my diet,
(Wasn't it a shame when five of YOU were hung!!)

For each baby's head you kicked —
Just for sport —
And for each tear mothers cried
As you wrenched us from their arms,
YOUR children will suffer
Because we will let them know that
YOU were part of it all!
So, have a nice birthday,
Two hundredth, I hear,
How strange, how strange,
Because both of us know
It's just another of your
Big, white lies!!

From Black Voices, July 1988, vol 4 No 1 p64


Do women have to be naked to get into the Met. Museum?
Less than 5% of the artists in the Modern Art Sections are women, but 85% of the nudes are female.

I WILL NEVER EVER BUY INTO THIS!!!!!

Recently I came across a website by the ACLU. It pointed out many disturbing issues with the pornography industry, mainly focusing on the big boys and their empires. There were a few things that shocked me to pieces.

Hustler;

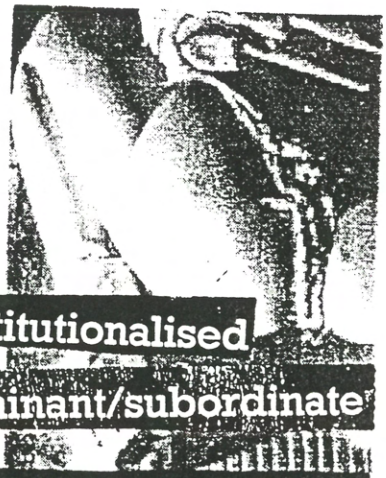
- **front cover picture showing a womyn being ground up in a meat grinder (how symbolic!)**
- **a cartoon showing a young girl being sexually molested by her father- no doubt illustrated by the famous cartoonist 'Chester the Molester', who is now in prison for the molestation of children.**
- **a photograph of a workman applying a drill to a womyns vagina. Slogan- 'At last, a cure for frigidity'**

Penthouse;

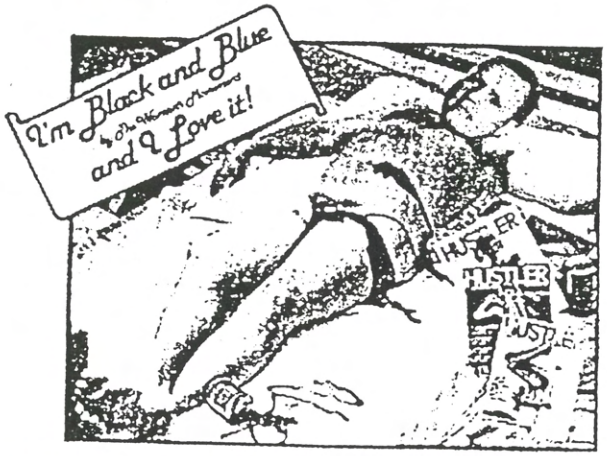
Articles entitled 'Toturing women: A political nightmare The how to manual for recreational killers Special Report; What turns Men On' and '"I killed 360 people" Our most chilling interview ever' Photos from articles below

I do not need to express the outrage I felt when reading this. And I am sure you can make up your own mind. I will not support this violence. These magazines are pieces of crap, if you need sexual pleasure use your mind and your hand, you don't need to support this. te to me if you want to know more about this, other porn info or want to learn how to directly effect the promoters of rape!!

-XkirstyX



WANTED!



LARRY FLYNT

FOR INCITING

THE RAPE AND MURDER
F WOMEN AND CHILDREN

A PUBLIC SERVICE MESSAGE by the Preying Mantis Women's Brigade

S/M is an institutionalised celebration of dominant/subordinate relationships. And it prepares us either to accept subordination or to enforce domination. *Even in play*, to affirm that the exertion of power over powerlessness is erotic is empowering, is to set the emotional and social stage for the continuation of that relationship politically, socially, and economically.

– AUDRE LORDE

picture from: 'D·I·Y Feminism' Kathy Bail (ed)

When I grow up I'm going to be a hard core woman. When I grow up I'm going to ignore everything mum and dad taught me, when I grow up I'm going to be me. When I grow up I'm going to really live. When I grow up I'm going to move out and be my own person. When I grow up I'm going to be a powerful woman.

I wish that the hardcore punk scene could be more of a community. My ideal show would be equal parts male/female/other and of all races and ages. There would be awesome bands playing (of course) with at least one new band playing every time.There would be spoken word in between bands. You could buy zines and records, but also vegan food, cheap clothes, jewellrey, etc all DIY made by other h/c kids. You don't have to be friends with everyone, because I know people are different, but we'd all have a mutual respect for each other, and support of each other. If a person hurt others, or oppressed others we would get rid of them from the scene.

I get jaded because our scene seems to be some social outing. You see some bands, buy some records and chat to the scenesters. If you hurt or oppress others you are the king of the scene and everyone shuns your victim because they are too scared to not be inn with the scenesters. Mostly everyone is white and male, and the girls are turned into "eye candy " no matter how sincere they are. I used to get jaded, but now I am just angry. But… I am also inspired because there are a lot of people out there who are striving to make a better scene. Hopefully in the future the scene/community I mentioned in the opening of this article will be a reality, not a dream. This is the only way we can say we are a truly underground movement. If we can't do this, then who cares if it becomes the next big trend? It's already heading that way.

- JYOTI -

I get so angry when I read hardcore/punk zines, and their ads are using images of wimmin in an expolitative way, just like in mainstream society. 'Oh it's all well and good to be an anarchist, a punk, against racism, but we can still oppress wimmin and treat them like objects 'cos it turns us on'. This ridiculous statement seems to be the mentality of some males who do zines, record labels, art etc.. OPPRESSION is OPPRESSION' I'm sure you can handle one less sexist image of a naked fake titted porn star. News flash buddy, keep your images to yourself. How is a womyn supposed to be taken seriously when the only image she can find of herself are ones that are for a male's sexual gaze? Keep that sexist, oppressive shit out of hardcore/punk. We are here to challenge the system not jerk off over it.

---JYOTI---

Eve Ensler is writer and composer of the famous one woman show 'The Vagina Monologues'. She has performed the series of monologues all over the world, and is taking it upon herself to break the taboo and disgust of female genitalia. She has interviewed over 200 wimmin on their vaginas, from a large cross section of society in different parts of the world. Although I was unable to see her perform I was given a copy of her book while I was in New York. We have chosen various parts of this book to print in No Apologies. These made me cry, laugh and question my very own view of vaginas. This womyn is breaking ground... XKIRSTYX

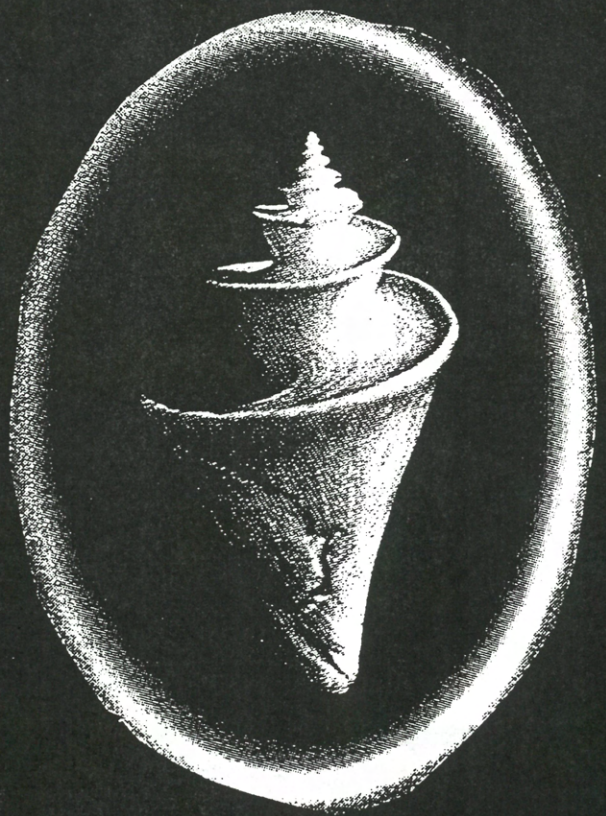
THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

In 1993, I was walking down a street in Manhattan when I passed a newsstand and was suddenly struck by a deeply disturbing photograph on the front page of Newsday. *It was a picture of a group of six young women who had just been returned from a rape camp in Bosnia. Their faces revealed shock and despair, but more disturbing was a sense that something sweet, something pure, had been forever destroyed in each of their lives. I read on. Inside the newspaper was another photograph of the young women, recently reunited with their mothers and standing in a semicircle in a gymnasium. There was a very large group and not one of them, mother or daughter, was able to look at the camera.*

I knew I had to go there. I had to meet these women. In 1994, thanks to the support of an angel, Lauren Lloyd, I spent two months in Croatia and Pakistan, interviewing Bosnian women refugees. I interviewed these women and hung out with them in camps, cafés, and refugee centers. I have been back to Bosnia twice since then.

When I returned to New York after my first trip, I was in a state of outrage. Outraged that 20,000 to 70,000 women were being raped in the middle of Europe in 1993, as a systematic tactic of war, and no one was doing anything to stop it. I couldn't understand it. A friend asked me why I was surprised. She said that over 500,000 women were raped every year in this country, and in theory we were not at war.

This monologue is based on one woman's story. I want to thank her here for sharing it with me. I am in awe of her spirit and strength, as I am in awe of every woman I met who survived these terrible atrocities in the former Yugoslavia. This piece is for the women of Bosnia.



MY VAGINA WAS MY VILLAGE

My vagina was green, water soft pink fields, mooing sun resting sweet boyfriend touching tly with soft piece of blond straw.

There is something between my legs. I do not know it is. I do not know where it is. I do not touch. Not Not anymore. Not since.

My vagina was chatty, can't wait, so much, so h saying, words talking, can't quit trying, t quit saying, oh yes, oh yes.

Not since I dream there's a dead animal sewn in down there with thick black fishing line. And the bad dead animal smell cannot be removed. And its throat is slit and it bleeds through all my summer dresses.

My vagina singing all girl songs, all goat bells ringing songs, all wild autumn field songs, vagina songs, vagina home songs.

Not since the soldiers put a long thick rifle inside me. So cold, the steel rod canceling my heart. Don't know whether they're going to fire it or shove it through my spinning brain. Six of them, monstrous doctors with black masks shoving bottles up me too. There were sticks, and the end of a broom.

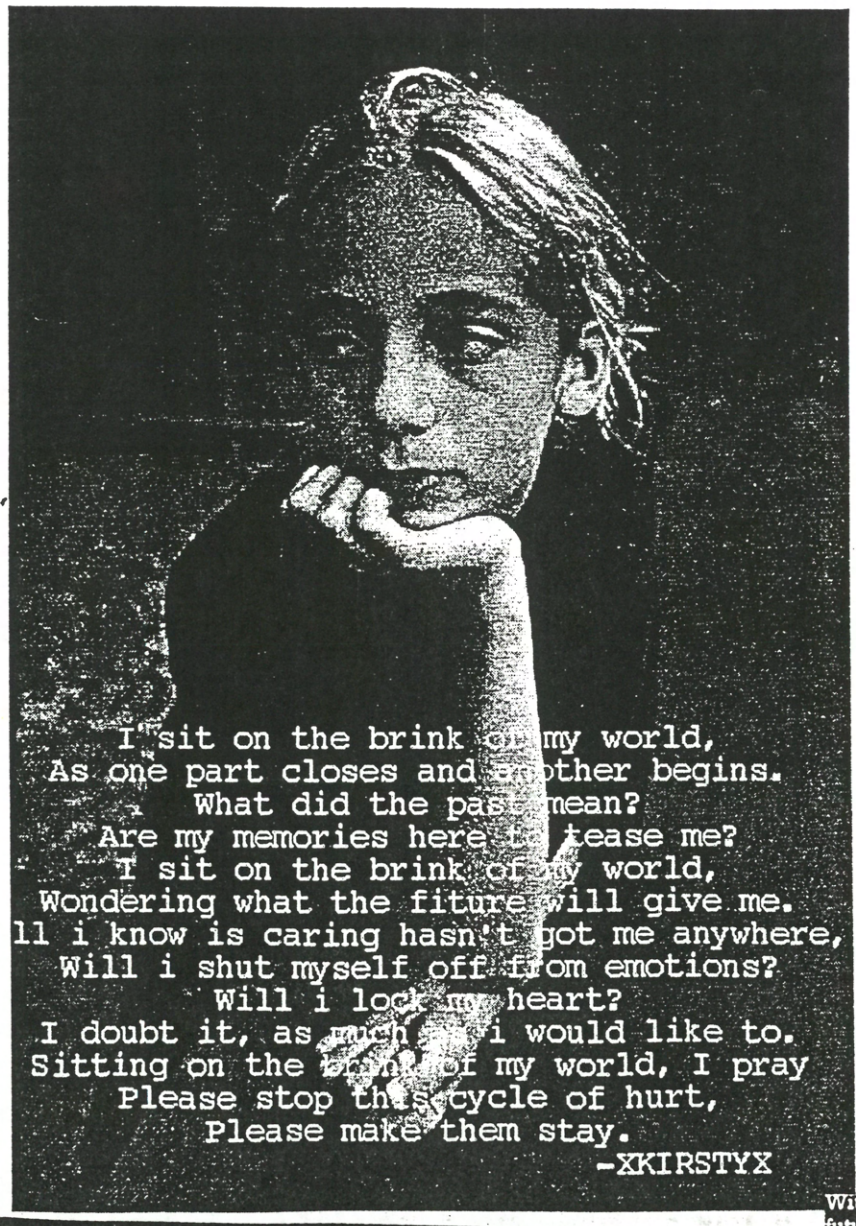
My vagina swimming river water, clean spilling water over sun-baked stones over stone clit, clit stones over and over.

Not since I heard the skin tear and made lemon screeching sounds, not since a piece of my vagina came off in my hand, a part of the lip, now one side of the lip is completely gone.

My vagina. A live wet water village. My vagina my hometown.

Not since they took turns for seven days smelling like feces and smoked meat, they left their dirty sperm inside me. I became a river of poison and pus and all the crops died, and the fish.

My vagina a live wet water village.
They invaded it. Butchered it and burned it down.
I do not touch now.
Do not visit.
I live someplace else now.
I don't know where that is.


I sit on the brink of my world,
As one part closes and another begins.
What did the past mean?
Are my memories here to tease me?
I sit on the brink of my world,
Wondering what the future will give me.
ll i know is caring hasn't got me anywhere,
Will i shut myself off from emotions?
Will i lock my heart?
I doubt it, as much as i would like to.
Sitting on the brink of my world, I pray
Please stop this cycle of hurt,
Please make them stay.
-XKIRSTYX

I ASKED A SIX-YEAR-OLD GIRL:

"What does your vagina remind you of?"

"A pretty dark peach. Or a diamond I found from a treasure and it's mine."

"What's special about your vagina?"

"Somewhere deep inside it I know it has a really really smart brain."

"What does your vagina smell like?"

"Snowflakes."

"If your vagina got dressed, what would it wear?"

"Red high-tops and a Mets cap worn backwards."

"If it could speak, what would it say?"

"It would say words that begin with 'V' and 'T'—'turtle' and 'violin' are examples."

Without a rigorous and consistent evaluation of what kind of a future we wish to create and a scrupulous examination of the expressions of power we choose to incorporate into all our relationships including our most private ones, we are not progressing, but merely recasting our own characters in the same old weary drama..sadomasochism is not the sharing of power it is merely a depressing replay of the old and destructive dominant/subordinate mode of humyn relating and one sided power, which is even now grinding our earth and our humyn consciousness into the dust. Audre Lorde. The Audre Lorde Compedium, p241 originally from her book 'A burst of Light'

someone else's memory

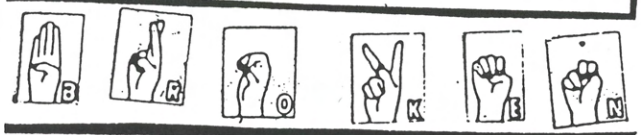
but that night, walking in the freezing rain, i cried good&hard. i've accepted this as my memory.

it's time to deal with it the way i should have a long time ago.

somehow, i let go.
i let go of the responsibility that comes with living.
-the responsibility of dealing with everything you need to.the responsibility of thinking enough of yourself to be true & honest.
.i just let go.

but here i am - reaching out for the peices of my life i fooled myself into thinking i could live without.
but you need all those things... all the ugly things - all the dirty things - all the painful things...you need them all.

so - my name is nicole,and this is part of my story.



whatever my secrets are,remember when i entrust them to you,they are part of me
-john powell

autumn 1993.

i put myself in a bad situation.i was in the apartment of a man i had only met once before.
if i have one regret in life, then that's it.

he came behind me.
i froze.

i must have screamed or punched or something,but i don't remember. he was talking-x words i'm thankful i don't recall.

fists of 30 year old men aren't supposed to fit inside the bodies

walking with the person who has started to restore my faith in humanity,i let it all out ---

.i was raped.

i've dealt with it so far,by not dealing with it at all. i had convinced myself it was someone else's memory.

.it couldn't have happened to me.

i wish i was one of those girls who have so much strength inside them that you can sense it. i wish he thought i was one of those girls he better not fuck with.

it's sick how one person

can mess you up

for a long

long time.

and now i'm left with slivers of memories...

i saw him once after that night.in a store. he was with a very small chil who called him daddy. her father is rapist - it kills me inside. he star ed to talk to me like we were old fr ends,i was too scared to ignore him. so as he asked how i was,what was ne blah blah blah...i started to feel sick. i wanted so badly to scream at him - i wanted everyone in the plaza to know what he had done - what he's capable of doing - what he will cont nue to do because i didn't have the guts to be strong.

i know it's not my fault.
i know i shouldn't feel dirty.

but why do i feel sort of guilty and ashamed when i'm enjoying contact with someone?

but that doesn't mean we shouldn't sp eak up and act out against it.

girls need to know that there are others they can talk to about this.we need to form a webbing of support - no one should ever feel alone, ashamed or embarrassed.

boys need to know that rape,and other forms of sexual harrassment are utterly damgging and destructive to the lives of the victims. awareness & understanding are what will bring us closer to a community where girls feel safe because they are.

a feeling distrust towards

why am i constantly blaming myself for being there?
why didn't i scream louder?
punch harder?

sometimes i think about the girl people think i am - i wish i really was her. i wish i didn't have skeletons in my closet that taint my innocence. i wish i really was as optomistic as i let on to be. truth be told - humanity scares me. the fact that there are people who don't understand that a persons body is THEERS worries me.
i wish i didn't judge people by their gender - but i do. i started out in li fe with a bunch of trust in everyone, funny how a couple of people can mess it up for everyone else you meet in life. but i'm slowly starting to buil d back that trust i used to have. slowly, not everone appears to me as a possible threat.

slowly, oh so slowly, people are going back to being lovely.

A study conducted in Israel in 1977 asked a group of convicted rapists what their victims could have done to make them stop the rape. The overwhelming response was to make them see her as a real person with real feelings and to make them understand that what they were going to do was going to ruin her life. These rapists reported that it was important for them to maintain emotional distance from their victim and to see her as a nameless, faceless object. They did not relate to her suffering. Over 50 percent denied harming the victim emotionally or physically and expressed no regret for the rape. They reported feeling emotions for their victims only when they did not complete the rape. When they could not depersonalize the victim as insignificant, when she told them about her problems or somehow aroused personal feelings in the assailants, they did not rape.

Of the survivors interviewed in a 1984 Minneapolis study, approximately 25 percent of the women harmed did not resist in any way, and over 20 percent of those who resisted were not harmed. In a 1993 survey of its readers, *Glamour* magazine found that only 19 percent of women who had resisted a rape felt it had made the situation worse. Another 39 percent felt their resistance allowed them to avoid injury, or greater injury; 37 percent escaped as a result of the resistance; and 21 percent scared off their would-be attacker.

one thing that gets me so upset is t fact that so many girls can relate tc stories of abuse and sexual assault.t many girls will read this and be able to identify with it.
it is estimated that a woman is being raped every minute of evryday in the united states - and i doubt that cana s numbers are any less startling.
in her book 'the beauty myth'naomi wo describes rape as being"more common t n left-handedness,alcoholism and hear attacks."
my question is WHY?
why is the possibility that someone w know&care for has been raped so high? why do some men continue to think of a woman's body as something that they c control&violate?

i have a million answers for these questions. the horrible thing is that the fact there are answers,doesn't mea there is a solution.

rape will continue to happen as long a women are viewed as unequal to men. rape will continue to happen as long a there are both men & women on this pla et.

pessimistic?realistic.

Rape is not biologically programmed. Rape-free societies do exist ~~and will be considered in greater detail in chapter 10.~~ Rape is socially programmed in cultures such as ours where women are seen as unequal, in cultures that generally accept interpersonal violence and in which male dominance of women in social, business, and sexual encounters is expected and allowed. Rape is only an extension of the overall pattern of violence in interpersonal relationships in which women are expected to be submissive and to comply, and are often thought of as the property of men. To a great extent the rapist is only acting out the broader social script.

22/01/98

dear andrew,

i just finished writing a peice fo someone else's memory.
i feel drained, relieved ---and utt rly alone. i wish you could just hug me and let me cry for a while.
it's so crazy because i've never s id 'i was raped.' and when i wrote i it was the first time those words ca e from me in any form.
andrew -- i HATE the fact that i'm not the only girl who has ever gone through this. i HATE knowing that ri ht now, someone else is suffering.
maybe i wish i could take the wei ht of every girls pain on myself.
maybe i wish i could just walk awa y from all of this.
i'm not sure if what i've done wi help anyone besides me. i hope so.
i feel like going outside in the cold, and running. running for as f as my legs can take me. screaming a the while. i don't think i've ever really screamed. i think i need to.
then i'll colapse & when i come to, i'll start my life fresh from where i fell. and i'll give birth to a baby girl who will be born screaming and i will tell her to never ever stop no matter what. I8ll tell her everything i was never told. and she won't take any shitxx from anyone.
am i stronger than i give myself credit for? probably not - there's no strengbh in ignoring the problem. i know one thing for sure, i'm stronger now for having faced this head on. i will no longer pretend this didn't hap pen to me. it is part of me. it helps to make up the girl you see before you
i'm more scared than you can imagine but deep down, i know i shouldn't be. ....this is just another beginning.

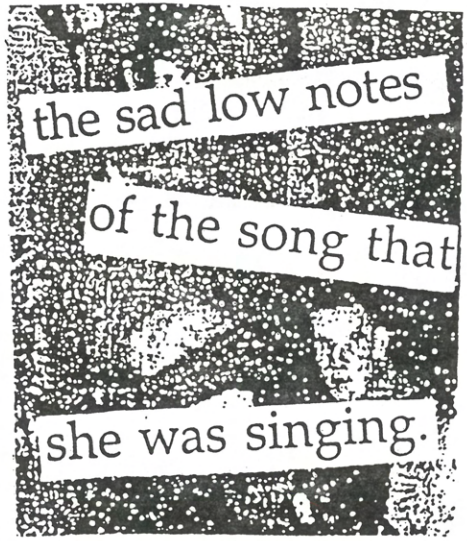
i'm so glad i did this - thank you.

Nicole.

so what now?
i suppose the only thing, the best th ng i can do - is support other girls who have been raped, and continue to l ve without letting the pain get in th way. i never reported my rape - i do t encourage other girls to do the sam . consider all your options and choos what's best for you. if you do go to the police and press charges - be the girl i wish i was & be strong. use al your strength, you'll need it. also, know that you are not alone. there's crisis centers across the country - there's people who can help you deal with the devastation of being raped. whatever you decide, know that i supp rt you. i may not know you, but i am beside you. never regret the choice you make - take it all the way and do t look back.

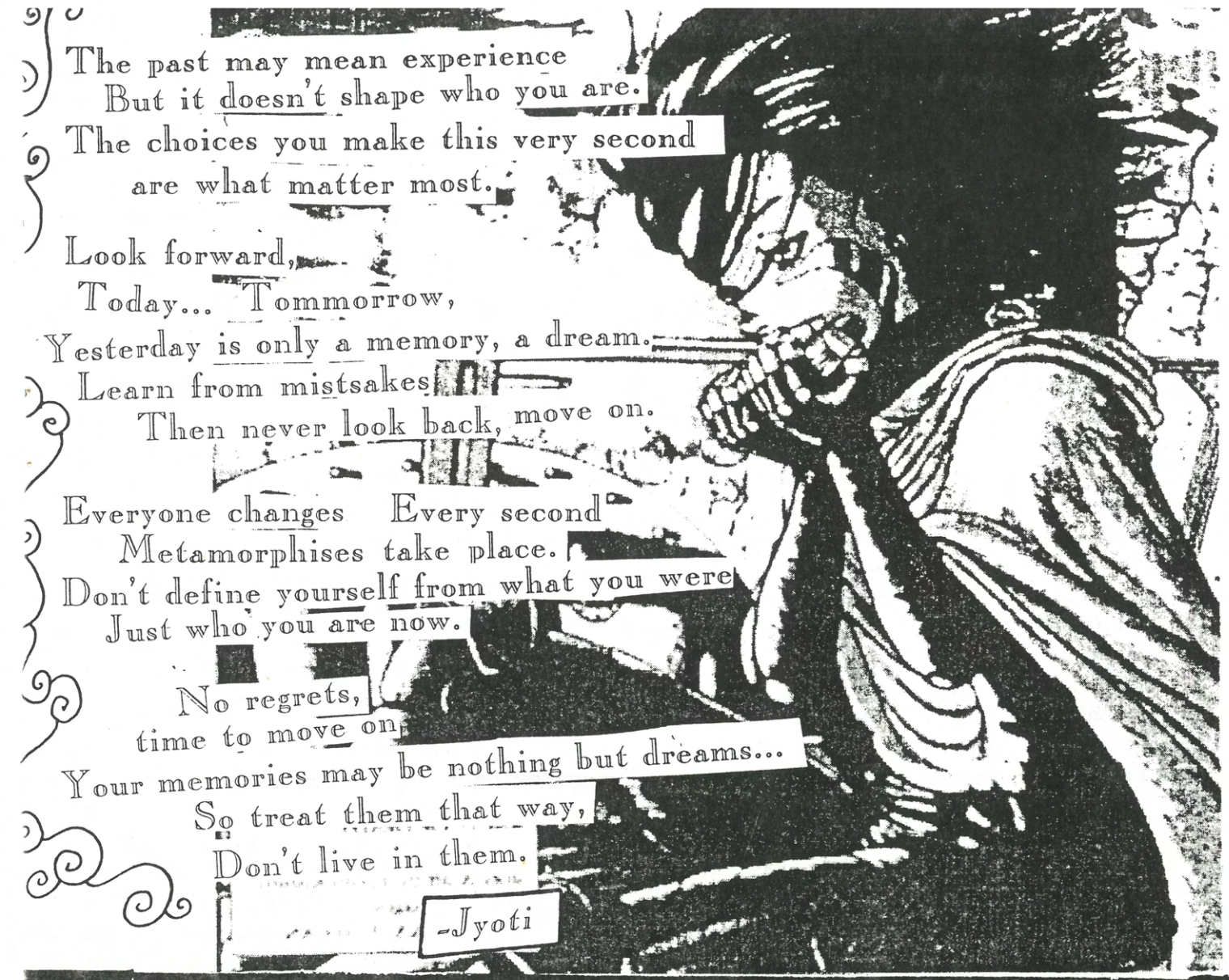
godspeed.

gratitude that exceedes words goes to lindsey and andrew. thank you so much, you don't even know...



please write if you want to talk...
nicole - 64 Augusta Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, M5T 2L1 CANADA

'Someone Else's Memory' was written by Nicole from Canada. She is a strong and inspirational person. We hope you don't mind that we have re printed it. Thankyou to Amanda for sending this up.



The past may mean experience
But it doesn't shape who you are.
The choices you make this very second
are what matter most.

Look forward,
Today... Tommorrow,
Yesterday is only a memory, a dream.
Learn from mistsakes
Then never look back, move on.

Everyone changes Every second
Metamorphises take place.
Don't define yourself from what you were
Just who you are now.

No regrets,
time to move on.
Your memories may be nothing but dreams...
So treat them that way,
Don't live in them.

-Jyoti

The best political and spiritual statement you could make would be to heal yourself and someone else too. Jeannine Parvotti. Hygieia: A Womyns Herbal, p90.

My sisters, my friends...

I am amazed at the ease in which maleness, masculinity, machoness etc. is accepted in the hardcore scene, yet the female ridiculed. I remember when the words 'Straight Edge Sisterhood' first jolted your brains. There was such outrage that we were being so seperatist and sexist. We were "dividing the scene by gender". Does anyone fail to notice that there is a BAND CALLED BROTHERHOOD?!?! Yeah, they are all males, but you know, all the sisterhood were females! F.M.D can entice a whole room to sing along to a song about "my brothers, my friends", but imagine if a womyn fronting a h/c band sang to her sisters? We would be annihilated! Sure, F.M.D may have wrote the song about their male friends, but when you are at a hardcore show and the whole room erupts in voices singing about brotherly solidarity, you can't help but as a girl feel a little unwelcome. Or does it just go back to my argument that 'he' really means BOTH he *and* she (what a load of bullshit!). We can all pretend and say it's okay (Hey, Jo, don't worry, you girls are out brothers too), or we can say STOP saying the girls divide the scene with our talk of sisterhood, girl edge, MY SISTERS MY FRIENDS etc. We are NOT making an issue of our gender - you did that for us by excluding us from the accepted way of speaking about friendships and crews. XJYOTIX

"Feminism was still called women's lib when I was growing up. I knew all the words to 'I Am Woman'. Yet in fifth grade at primary school I was forced to argue the anti case for women's libbers during a school debate. I got the loudest claps from the boys, because I was telling them everything they wanted to hear, supporting them in their obviously implied superiority. Women, I notice, still get a lot of applause for doing that." Sheryn George

Orgasmic freedom for Wimmin…

The experience of orgasm differs from person to person and each is sexually unique. I wanted to discuss some issues regarding wimmin and orgasm because I feel there are so many myths surrounding wimmin. I feel that the media and pornography distorts the male perception of how wimmin are supposed to be and as a result creates pressure on both parts.

After researching this topic for my own interest I was amazed to discover how the experience of a womyn can vary so widely.

Some wimmin can climax easily whilst others may never, some wimmin can climax only through clitoral stimulation whilst other through vaginal, some through both, some from stimulation of their breasts, through the act of stimulating their partner, etc etc. There is no standard and no norm.

The national health and society survey in 1994 suggests that roughly 85% of wimmin can not orgasm through penetration exclusively but almost all women can climax from solely clitoral stimulation. It is true that some wimmins G-spots are positioned so it is easily acessable when she is penetrated, therefore making it much easier for her to climax. On the other end of the scale some wimmins G-spots are positioned out of reach or are too small or even said to be no existant. Some wimmin report no sensation at all.

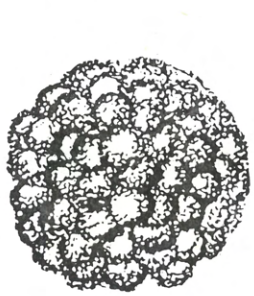
Just like men wimmin vary sexually. Outside influences, past experiences and fears can all effect a womyn and her reaction to sex. In most cases a man will find it easier to climax through sex and it usually takes less time. The Durex condom manufacturers survey reports that on average the time spent on any single sexual interchange in the U.S is 25.3 minutes, in Britian it is 20.9, and in Hong Kong it is 12.3. In my eyes there is a real problem here because majority of couples would not both feel satisfied. Out of a survey of 3000 wimmin selected randomly only 29% said they regularly orgasm with a partner.

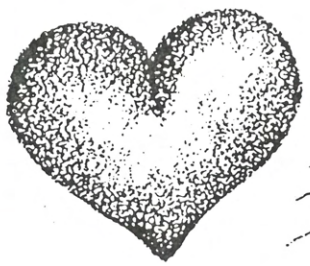
There are no real indications of the amount of wimmin who have faked orgasm or do it on a regular basis but through my readings many wimmin have expressed the need to climax more for the satisfation of their partner than for themselves. Most express the need to make the man feel important and not to hurt him.

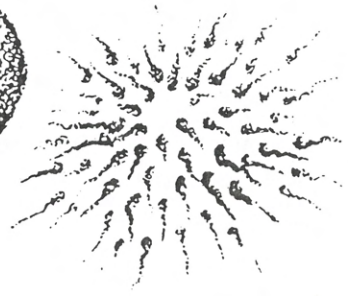
This is where I ask what really is the importance of climax. I feel that we as a society place too much of an emphesis on a result rather than an experience. One of the most gratifying things I have read was Mikaya Heart in 'When the earth moves' " I make a practice of telling any new lover, before we start being sexual, that I don't come easily and I would rather she didn't try to make me come, if I want to come and think I will be able to, I will direct her.". I think that this takes the pressure off a result and places the emphesis on the experience. I understand that it is nice to feel the sensations of an orgasm and it is pleasing to be able to give it to another but if this is the purpose of the sexual act than I think you can do it alone, without all the strain.

Orgasm is a different experience for each person. We have to focus on the person we are with and get to know their body, what pleases them and how it works for us. Do not expect anything from a partner except the willingness to enjoy each other sexually. Understand that what you see on movies, in porn and what you read often doesn't represent a large cross section of society. Respect your partner and their body, their reaction is for them not for you to feel sexually talented.

-XkirstyX







Some thoughts from Christine :)

"Every tool is a weapon if you hold it right."
-ani difranco

Contraception?

I never gave much thought to contraception. But now that I am in a 'serious' heterosexual relationship, I want to think about it a little more. (NB: at this time we are monogamous, and so STDs are not a problem).

I have had a couple of pregnancy scares in the past year. I am very paranoid about getting pregnant. On one occasion, I took the morning after pill. Aya! It was terrible. Basically, I've never felt so sick in my life. I would not recommend taking the M.A. pill, unless absolutely necessary. No one warned me of how it would effect me, and the nausea tablets didn't help much. The GP instead gave me a lecture and told me that I should be on the pill. This has also happened when I have gone to take pregnancy tests. No doctor has the right to tell me what to do with my body. They automatically assumed that I was being irresponsible, and saw the pill as the answer to irresponsibility.

After having the Morning After Pill (which is basically a quadruple dose of the normal pill), I am extremely wary of using any kind of hormone altering chemical. Added to the side effects are the questionable ingredients of the pill – I have heard some contain lactose and other animal ingredients. This is not to mention animal testing.

Condoms seem to be the easy (and vegan) option. However, condoms have their disadvantages...such as breaking or coming off. Things can also get a little awkward if there isn't one handy. But the biggest problem I have with condoms is that I am not in control of the contraception. I would prefer to be totally confident and in charge of making sure that I don't get pregnant. I would also like the freedom that the pill allows. I would like to be able to have sex anytime with my partner and be less worried about pregnancy.

Stress about pregnancy greatly effects my sexual relationship with my partner. Having a method of contraception that I am in control of would allow me to relax a lot more and enjoy myself.

I am still undecided. I don't want the pill, but I want the freedom it allows. At the moment, I am going to get more info on the pill, whether there are vegan options available, and what the current side effects are. I am also looking into natural methods of birth control, though my current living situation is not stable, and so may be inappropriate.

If anyone has any advice, let me know! You may here from me again with updates...

-Christine cac21@uow.edu.au

PS. I am very grateful that I have a partner who is willing to discuss this with me and to support whatever decision I make. Communication is so important...ani ohevet atah ☺

Some awesome bands: Swing Kids / Boys Life / Amber Inn / Boy Sets Fire / The Weakerthans / Lullaby for the Working Class //

Some awesome books that you should read...

★ Black Elk Speaks (Native American) ★ A Yellow Raft on Blue Water (Native American fiction) - Michael Dorris

Americans seem to be obsessed w/ meat substitutes. Wherever I went in the US, people were eating "BBQ ribs", "lemon chicken" etc. These were mostly all vegan tofu or seitan (wheat gluten) meals. I didn't really like them. If I'm diametrically opposed to an industry and it's produ why would I want to simulate them

I think zines are a way of conversing w/ people. Spreading ideas, having political debates, but also, just having a chat w/ a reader.

It is okay to cry.

In our culture emotions have been associated with nature & those who are perceived as being close to nature such as Indigenous peoples & wimmin. Emotions are considered to be 'uncivilised' or 'feminine', they are located at the bottom of the 'great chain of being' and as a result have been ascribed negative attributes.

Our culture does not allow expressions of strong or deep feelings especially those that have been ascribed a more negative value than others such as pain, sadness or suffering, (there are many others these are just examples) there are taboos against this expresssion, does this have anything to do with emotions being catchy, or a realisation that we are connected to all living things?? The best way to illustrate what I am talking about is the taboo that our culture has against crying, a friend of mine was crying, and this girl walks past and said something to the likes of I hate seeing other people cry, it makes me want to cry. I can't remember how many times in my life that I have been told not to cry, but there have been a lot. I used to have this intense fear of crying in front of people, because I was led to believe that it was a sign of weakness. It was only after going through a traumatic experience where I could not help or stop crying all the time, that I was forced to overcome this fear. Crying is a strength, not a weakness, the taboos we have against crying only seek to reinforce how strong we have to be to feel deeply, to cry. The taboo against talking about our pain and suffering, makes it so hard for us to talk about our pain and suffering, this too is a sign of strength, and it is the first and perhaps the most important step in the healing process. There is such a big stigma against going to see a counselor or psychologist in our society, and such a big stigma attached to being mentally ill. Perhaps if we were allowed and encouraged to experience our strong emotions, mental illness would not be such a widespread social problem (that is right it is largely socially constructed). One of the ways in which our culture does not allow expressions of strong or deep feelings is through the provision of 'distractions' from pain, 'distractions' from experiencing strong emotions. These distractions come in many forms drugs are one example, another one is the television. People turn to drugs for a reason. People turn to religion for a reason. People turn to crime for a reason. People go 'crazy' for a reason. I'm sure you can think of many more. They essentially encourage us to forget what is painful, or unpleasant, this is one of the many ways in which we have been alienated from all living things, our environment the earth each other and ourselves. We learn that it's acceptable to deny our own emotions, not to listen to that little voice within us that tells us what is wrong or right for us. In the society we live in, in order to continue to ignore, it is necessary for us not only to deny our own emotions and to distort our own emotions but also to deny the emotions of all living beings and to distort the emotions of all living beings.

We become commodities, to be bought and sold and everything within this system is objectified.

Making something into an object involves taking away certain characteristics of what is being objectified. It involves taking **emotions** away. It involves forgetting certain aspects and essential attributes of what is being objectified. It involves taking power away from what is being objectified and giving that power back to the consumer, the objectifier. It involves distorting and denying certain characteristics of what is being objectified. It involves hiding certain characteristics of what is being objectified. It involves distancing, dividing splitting and separating us from nature, our environment the earth each other and ourselves. [King, Y (1989) in Plant, J (1989)]This we are promised will allow us to conquer nature, the environment, and each other. This we are promised will allow us to control nature, the environment, and each other.

Our culture, has the **delusion** that technology can conquer and control nature, can fix

the environmental destruction that it has caused, and that science will be able to cure all the diseases that such a sick system has created. Our culture teaches us to support, and maintain this delusion. We are not told that by doing so we cause havoc and destruction in our own lives and in the lives of others. We are not told that by doing so we will never be able to know and become ourselves. We are not told that by doing so results in sickness, in the mind, body and in the spirit. This is because our materialistic culture all too often denies that the mind and spirit exist, and teaches us to live purely on the body or persona level, there is no balance, connection & equality between the three.

Objectification serves another function, as when we are split from ourselves, and the rest of nature, we are more easily controlled, we are confused, we are less likely to challenge and more likely to conform. It prevents us from focusing on the source of our feelings of discontent and oppression; and **when we numb ourselves to the emotions we feel and the pain we feel, we become more insensitive to the emotions and pain that others feel, that our environment feels, that all living things feel. Anything can be justified.**

Our society has a vested interest in providing us with many distractions from experiencing emotions and pain. When our energy is deflected, change is prevented and those who have power maintain that power.

'Distractions' channel our energy, our attention, our thoughts, our resources away from issues that are bothering us, away from healing, 'distractions' enable us to ignore our feelings of discontent to ignore all types of inequalities, which are essentially **'distortions'**. If our energy was not so consumed by 'distractions' and denial, it could be a potential source of empowerment, which would allow us to directly challenge, and perhaps even destroy inequality.

'Distractions' are essentially a form of escape, institutionalized ways of not dealing with problems and issues within our lives, never getting to the cause. Where do feelings go when they remain unfelt? Where does the pain go when it goes away? [Joseph, G. (1984) as cited in Lorde A (1984) p50]Pain never goes away. Wounds can never fully heal. Distractions result in our anger being **misdirected** against those that are special to us, against ourselves, and if we are fighting for change often against those who share a common cause; kitchen wars. The result is inevitably, stagnation.

Spiritual sickness has social causes, as does physical sickness, which is intricately connected to psychological factors. The pain, negative emotions and experiences that we choose to repress and deny to ourselves (often because of lessons we have learnt) can also manifest themselves as acid conditions in the body, this causes headaches, and other aches and pains. [Hall, D (1976) p71]

Distractions have often been adopted by humyns, so we can survive in a society that tells us what we are supposed to feel and what we are not supposed to feel. So that we can survive in a society that tells us not to listen to the 'yes' within ourselves, that little voice within. So that we can survive in a society that tells us that we must live from outwards only, and to ignore what is going on within. So that we can survive in a society which encourages dissatisfaction with our bodies, and tells us that if we consume our dissatisfaction will **'supposedly'** be satiated.

The ultimate outcome of 'distractions' and the denial of emotions is that social control is maintained primarily by those who are being controlled. The victim of one type of oppression refuses to see, and to challenge their own oppression, and other forms of oppression (Marx called this 'false class consciousness', it is important to remember though that this false consciousness occurs in all types of oppression not simply class). If they do see one type of oppression, they may also be blinded to the ways in which all types of oppression are connected, and fight for one issue only

against the symptoms instead of the causes. After all we have all learnt to see the world through rich, white, male, heterosexual eyes. By learning to see the world in such a way, we internalize the values associated with looking at the world in such a way. It is extremely hard to shed conditioning, it can be extremely painful when we start to admit things to ourselves, about ourselves and about the world, sometimes it is like opening up a can of worms that have been breeding for many years. It is easier to distort, and to partake in distractions, to ignore our negative emotions, instead of externalizing them, but by doing so we deny ourselves, we do not know ourselves, we let the world defeat us, we condone destruction, not only self destruction, but also the destruction of others, the environment, humyn nature. By looking away from our own experiences, the experiences of others, and the experiences of our environment we objectify each other our environment and ourselves and we forget that 'use without the consent of the used is abuse'. [Lorde, A (1978) p6] We forget that material desire to be satisfied is insatiable, as our body is only satiated temporarily and our minds and spirits are not fed. We forget that what is 'natural' or 'normal' is only cultural. We forget to listen to that voice within us. We forget that everything has a meaning. We forget the meaning of respect. We forget the meaning of honesty. We forget the meaning of acceptance. We forget the meaning of equality. We forget the meaning of health. We forget the necessity and the relevance of change. We see difference as a threat.

When we have lost touch with ourselves, it becomes unlikely that we will reach out to others. When we are dishonest with ourselves, it is unlikely that we will be able to be honest with anyone else. When we do not love ourselves, it is unlikely that we will be able to love someone else. When we do not accept ourselves, it is unlikely that we will be able to accept anyone else. When we do not respect ourselves, it is unlikely that we will respect anyone else. When we do not trust ourselves, it is unlikely that we will be able to trust someone else.

We must recognize the tools of the oppressors for what they are, and refuse to use them at the same time as we provide creative alternatives to them, as 'We can not fight old power in old power terms only' [Lorde, A (1984) p103]

We must learn to trust ourselves, our own emotions, our own thoughts, our own senses, and to listen to that little voice when it speaks. We must realize that difference is not a threat and does in no way prevent or retard ones own self-definition. [Lorde, A (1984)] Communication is essential in this process. Lack of communication and inefficient communication will keep the private private and will therefore hinder any possibilities of change.

Taking back control of our lives begins on the personal level. Self-empowerment is the most deeply political work there is, as Audre Lorde once said 'we were never meant to survive'. It occurs when we heal ourselves and someone else. It occurs when we refuse to deny the truth to ourselves or refuse to see through the eyes of the oppressors. When we become survivors instead of victims. When we take responsibility for our own thoughts, our own emotions, and our own actions. When we do our own feeling and our own acting instead of leaving this up to someone else, instead of blaming someone else (Wimmin have for too long done men's feeling for them). When we take back what has been taken away; When we remember what has been forgotten; When we acknowledge and reject the distortions and distractions. When we have taken back control of our lives our anger, our emotions, or eroticism, can be applied constructively as sources of energy and power. Then difference can be recognized and learnt from enriching our lives and our experiences +Michelle+

Lorde, A (1984) Sister Outsider: Essays & Speeches by Audre Lorde. The Crossing Press Feminist Series: The Crossing Press: New York.

Plant, J (Ed) (1989) Healing the Wounds: The promise of Ecofeminism. New Society Publishers: Philedelphia.

Hall, D (1976) The Natural Health book. Nelson: Melbourne.

About 3 years ago a friend who I had been writing to came to meet me. I was quite excited as he appeared to be a very deep, intelligant and emotional person. I felt we got along well over the phone and I was ready to make a new friendship. When he got here it happened to be a weekend that I fell sick. My body did not accept food so during the course of the weekend I was extreamly weak.

That weekend has shaped many things in my life. Countless times I have wondered what type of person I would be now if I hadnt opened myself and my home to this person.

That weekend he assulted me. He took advantage of myself, my illness, my friends and our good will. He had a way of making me feel sorry for him and in turn after this I wanted to bundle him up and protect him from the world.

I was scared inside about what he did to me, I felt dirty and I knew that it wasn't supposed to be this way, but for a very long time I kept thisc quiet and ignored the pain and confusion I felt.

Shortly afterwards I began to have nightmares about him, and it wasn't until a couple of months later I found out he had raped before and that he was known for this sort of thing.

I held these thoughts and fears inside me for a long time.

Two years later I made a friend. Someone who I enjoyed being around and made me feel good about myself. I valued the honsety he showed me aswell as his gift to make me laugh. Not long in to our friendship his honesty turned into a case of him taking advantage of my passive ways. He treated me like a sex toy, whilst never touching me, hurting my own view of my body and my sexuality. I felt used and violated in the same sort of way, we stopped being friends and it all turn into hatred, once again I walked around in fear.

These experiences left me thinking I could never trust again. I wanted to love myself and open myself to men but they had shown me that my role was to satisfy their egos. I did learn to care enough so I was able to break free from their hold and physically I feel stronger than ever. I know that I will never let my body be violated again. I learned that my sex and sexuality is worth defending and fighting for and I feel that despite my bad luck that there are men in this world that are not like these people, that can respect and love women in an honest and caring way. So my wounds are healing slowly. I love my body and I love my sexual being but emotionally I struggle everyday wondering why this has happened to me. I have taken a step to see the sexual assault clinic where they go through with me why I feel the way I do and how these expeiences effect my life.

I feel that I am more aware and not as innocent as I was, which will save me in the future but the fact that this had to happen in the first place makes me really sad. I am frightened that there are people in this world who will subject another person to years of emotional abuse so they feel powerful and in control, and it hurts me that so many others will support these people as they do it.

This was written for no purpose in particular but just to say that this is a part of who I am and that I will no longer stand it. I hope while you read this that you can not relate but it is a sad reality that this will not be the case.

I write No Apologies because I will never apologise again for the wounds inflicted by others, this is a part of my life which in turn is a part of me. I am not a man hater nor do I compare the world to these people. I do not sit home crying about this everyday, I just feel I should no longer spare the world from my experiences and I am not going to spare these people from knowing what they have done..

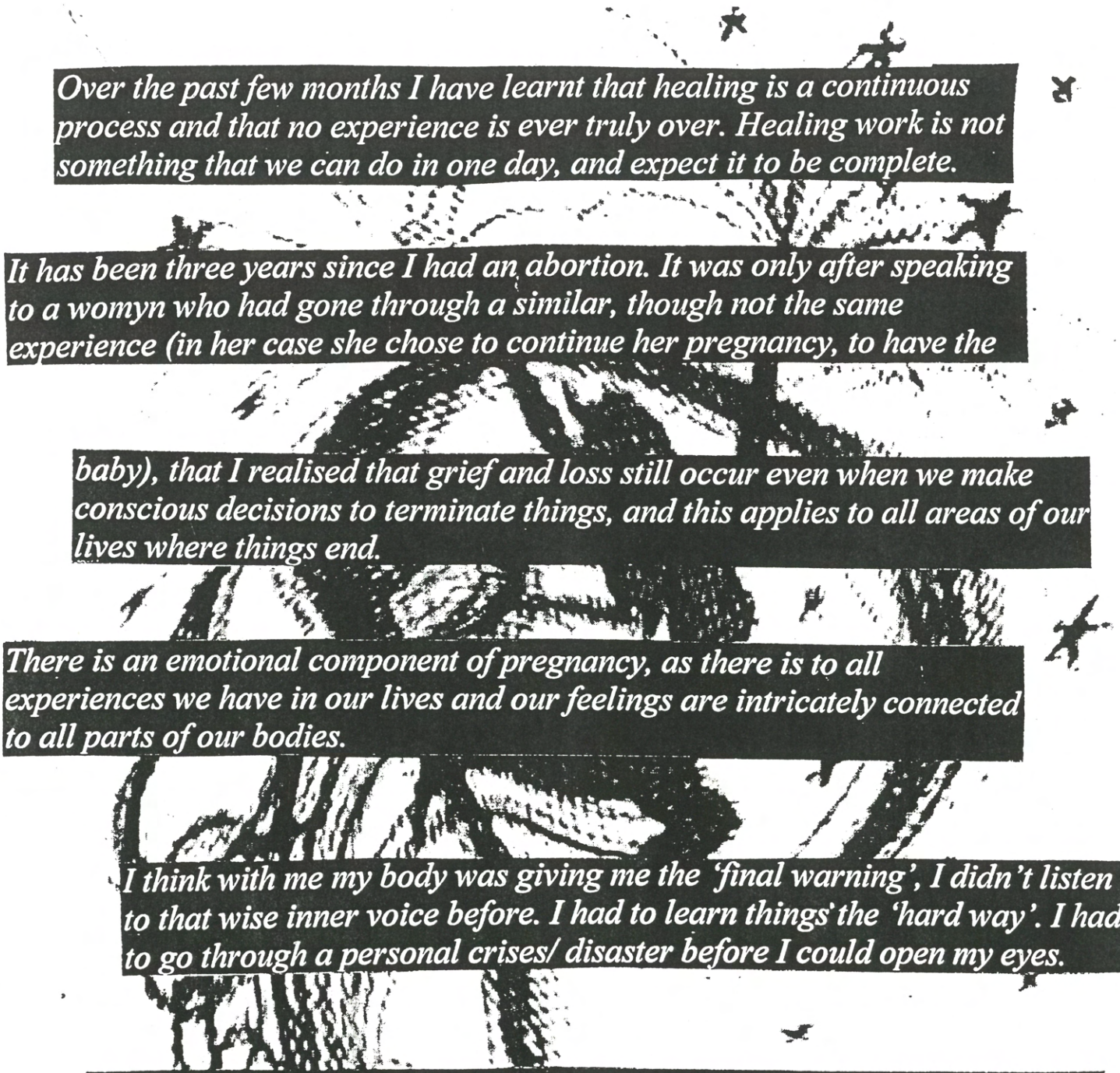
I guess all I really need to say is to never underestimate the actions of yourself and how they will effect another, never underestimate a cry for help and if a person speaks out LISTEN.

We all need to fight against sexual violation, help me in my struggle and that of every other person who has been and will be hurt. This can not continue!

-XkirstyX

I dedicate this to Dave who taught me to be strong in ways that he will ever know...

'Abortion is not a simple physical process that is over and done with when the machine is turned off.' Jeannine Parvatti.



Over the past few months I have learnt that healing is a continuous process and that no experience is ever truly over. Healing work is not something that we can do in one day, and expect it to be complete.

It has been three years since I had an abortion. It was only after speaking to a womyn who had gone through a similar, though not the same experience (in her case she chose to continue her pregnancy, to have the baby), that I realised that grief and loss still occur even when we make conscious decisions to terminate things, and this applies to all areas of our lives where things end.

There is an emotional component of pregnancy, as there is to all experiences we have in our lives and our feelings are intricately connected to all parts of our bodies.

I think with me my body was giving me the 'final warning', I didn't listen to that wise inner voice before. I had to learn things the 'hard way'. I had to go through a personal crises/ disaster before I could open my eyes.

It takes two people to make a baby. I don't know what his emotional part was. I do know now that that is not my responsibility.
I lost part of myself when I had an abortion. I also gained a lot of knowledge and strength from my experience. Whenever there are endings there are always new beginnings. Sometimes I still wonder what could have been, what my life would be like today if I had done things differently. In my heart I know I made the right decision. Michelle.

'In their enthusiasm to be anti-racist, white wimmin simply invited Aboriginal wimmin to join their movement, with little apparent recognition of the full horror of racism in Australia, nor of how it continued to damage Aboriginal men as well as wimmin. In asking Aboriginal wimmin to stand apart from Aboriginal men, the white wimmins movement was, perhaps unconsciously, repeating the attempts made over decades by welfare administrations to separate Aboriginal wimmin and use them against their communities. While there are Aboriginal wimmin who are deeply aware of the politics of sexism, many reacted with anger at the limited awareness of racism shown by the white wimmins movement.

Aboriginal wimmin insisted that the Women's liberation Movement recognise that the conditions they faced were different. The white wimmins movement argued, for example, that compared with men, wimmin in Australia were poorly educated and worked poorly paid jobs. Yet Aboriginal wimmin were better educated than Aboriginal men. The wimmins liberation movement at that time was concerned with sexuality and the right to say 'yes' to be sexually active without condemnation. For Aboriginal wimmin who were fighting denigratory sexual stereotypes and exploitation by white men, the issue was more often the right to say 'no'. Where white wimmins demands to control their fertility were related to contraception and abortion, Aboriginal wimmin were subjected to unwanted sterilization and continued to struggle against the loss of their children and interventionist welfare agencies. While Aboriginal wimmin insisted on their right to have access to full medical services, including information about contraception, their demands to control their own fertility were related to the right to have as many children as they wanted.' Jackie Huggins, Sistergirl, p27.

Michelle would like to thank: -

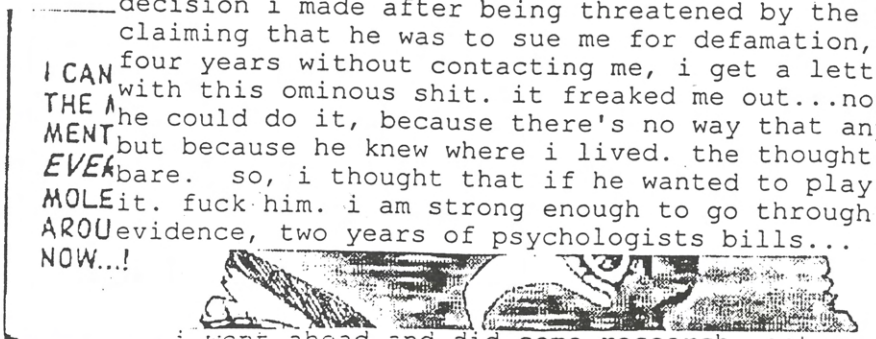
Everyone who contributed to No Apologies, Kirsty, Jo, Amanda, Christine and Dan, for your inspiration, courage, and friendship; everyone who took the time and effort to contact us/ give us feedback, your correspondence is very much appreciated. Tanya and Aaron for distro-ing previous issues, and for being amazing people. You for reading, and all of my friends and family. Keep questioning,

lots of love and curiosity,

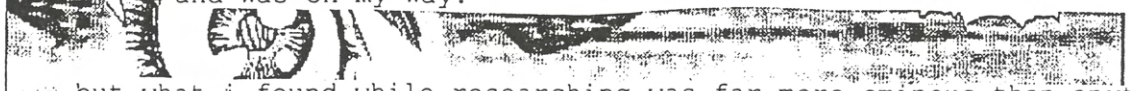
Michelle XXX.

Calcium Tea: *1 part chamomile*
1 part comfrey
1 part borage
1 part oat straw

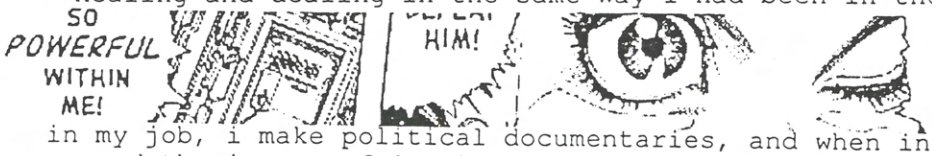
i recently made the decision to apply for crimes compensation for trauma resulting from sexual abuse. it wasn't something that i decided on very easily, it took me almost two tears to take the step, after 3 years of trying to deal with the fact that i'd actually been raped. it was a decision i made after being threatened by the perpertrator with a letter claiming that he was to sue me for defamation, among other things. after four years without contacting me, i get a letter one day from his lawer with this ominous shit. it freaked me out...not because i was scared that he could do it, because there's no way that anything i have said is untrue, but because he knew where i lived. the thought of that was a bit much to bare. so, i thought that if he wanted to play this game, that i was up for it. fuck him. i am strong enough to go through this, i have witnesses, evidence, two years of psychologists bills...



i went ahead and did some research, got my lawer to write a counter atta and was on my way.



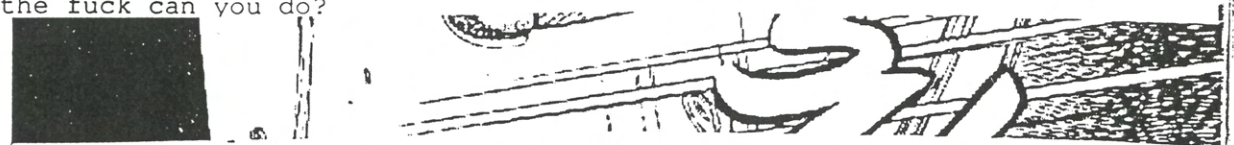
but what i found while researching was far more ominous than anything so far. if i was to charge him in a court of law with rape, i would not be in that room as the victim (for want of a better word), but as a witness to the crime of rape. a fucking witness. they may as well try to tell me that i was created from the rib of adam. so, unable to handle that, and having not heard from him again, i quit it. i let it go, and went on with my healing and dealing in the same way i had been in the years prior.



in my job, i make political documentaries, and when interviewing two wimmin around the issues of 'reclaim the night', i found that the government had scrapped crimes compensation. so where wimmin could once claim up to 20,000$ for the crime committed against them, is only an empty space of isolation and insult. it's an absolute discrace that not only do we have to take on the responsibility of being raped, but we have to have it thrown back in our faces when we try to get something back.

i wondered if there was maybe a loophole of some kind, maybe something, anything i could do to have this crime recognised legally, so i went to the fitzroy community legal service for some advice. going over what had happened to me wasn't the difficult part, although it killed me that this information was coming from every pore as a truth that i had experienced, and continue to experience everyday, no, the difficult part was heraing how the law actually stands...messy and menial. if i wanted to be re-embersed for loss of money, i had to apply within a two year period of the rape, i

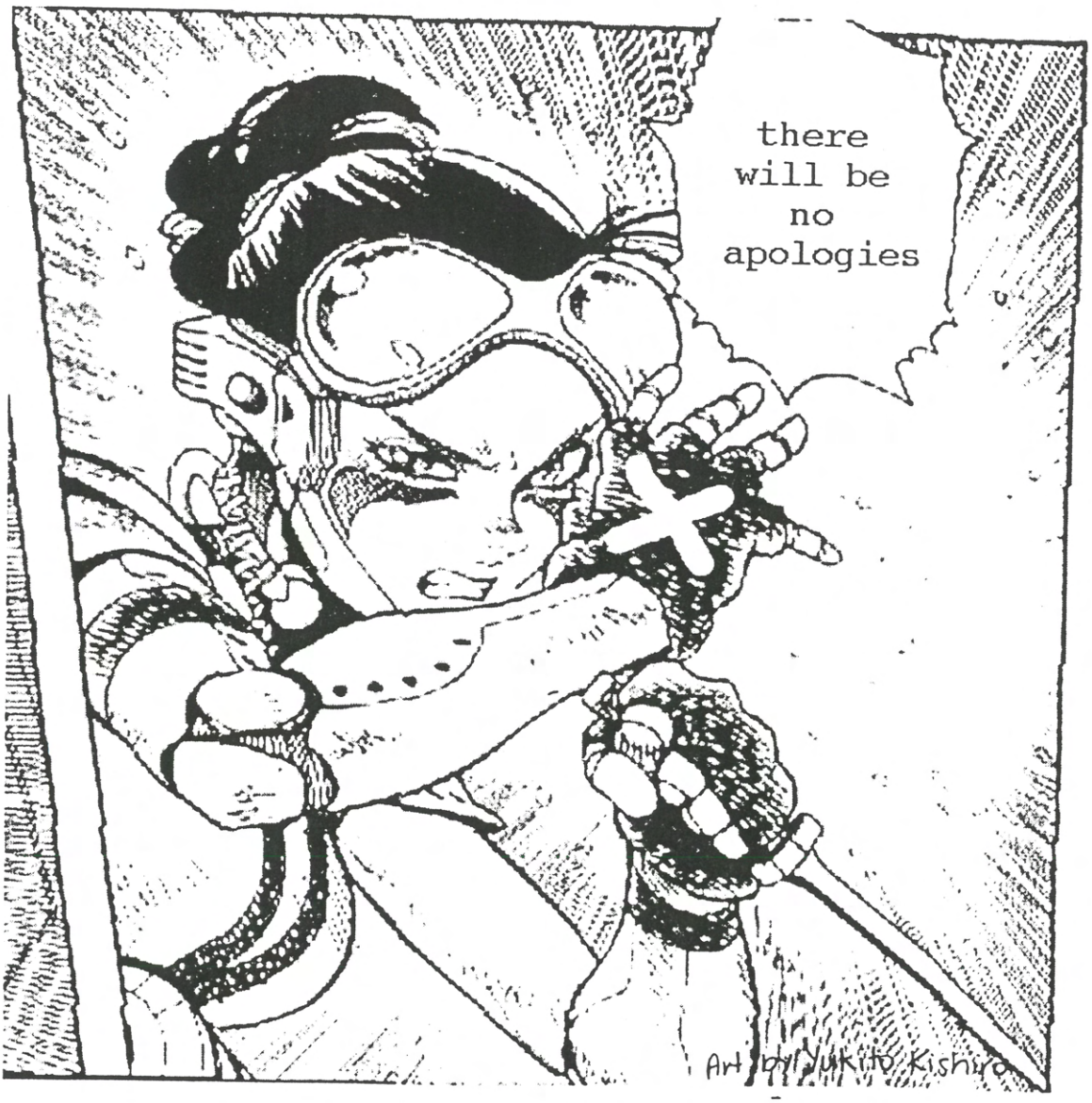
had to prove beyond a reasonable doubt that i had lossed financially as a result, i had to provide medical records that proved that i was unable to work for a time in which i will be re-embersed for. now, this doesn't apply to me, and i'm sure that it doesn't apply to the billions of other wimmin that have been through this shit. i was a student then an unwaged worker, i didn't report the crime because i didn't understand what had happened until about 2 years later and i don't like cops and i didn't see a doctor because i don't believe in them. so what do you do? i mean really, what the fuck can you do?



i'm still gunna try, i'm not gunna let this pathetic system do to me what he did, i'm not gunna sit down and woner what could have happened if i didn't do it. i have very little faith in the law, i have no faith in the system, but i'm gunna use it to grow, to heal, to reclaim, to get some fucking justice.

ada...17.1.00

contact:- amanda@skatv.org.au



No Apologies is a collection of writing from a group of strong wimmin, each has our own ideas and individual ideals, we share a common fight against sexism that we face everyay. We stand up against discrimination of all kind and will not go quietly. No Apologies can be anything you want it to be, all contributions and correspondence are welcomed. Feel free to contact us for information, confrontation, a good cry or a good laugh

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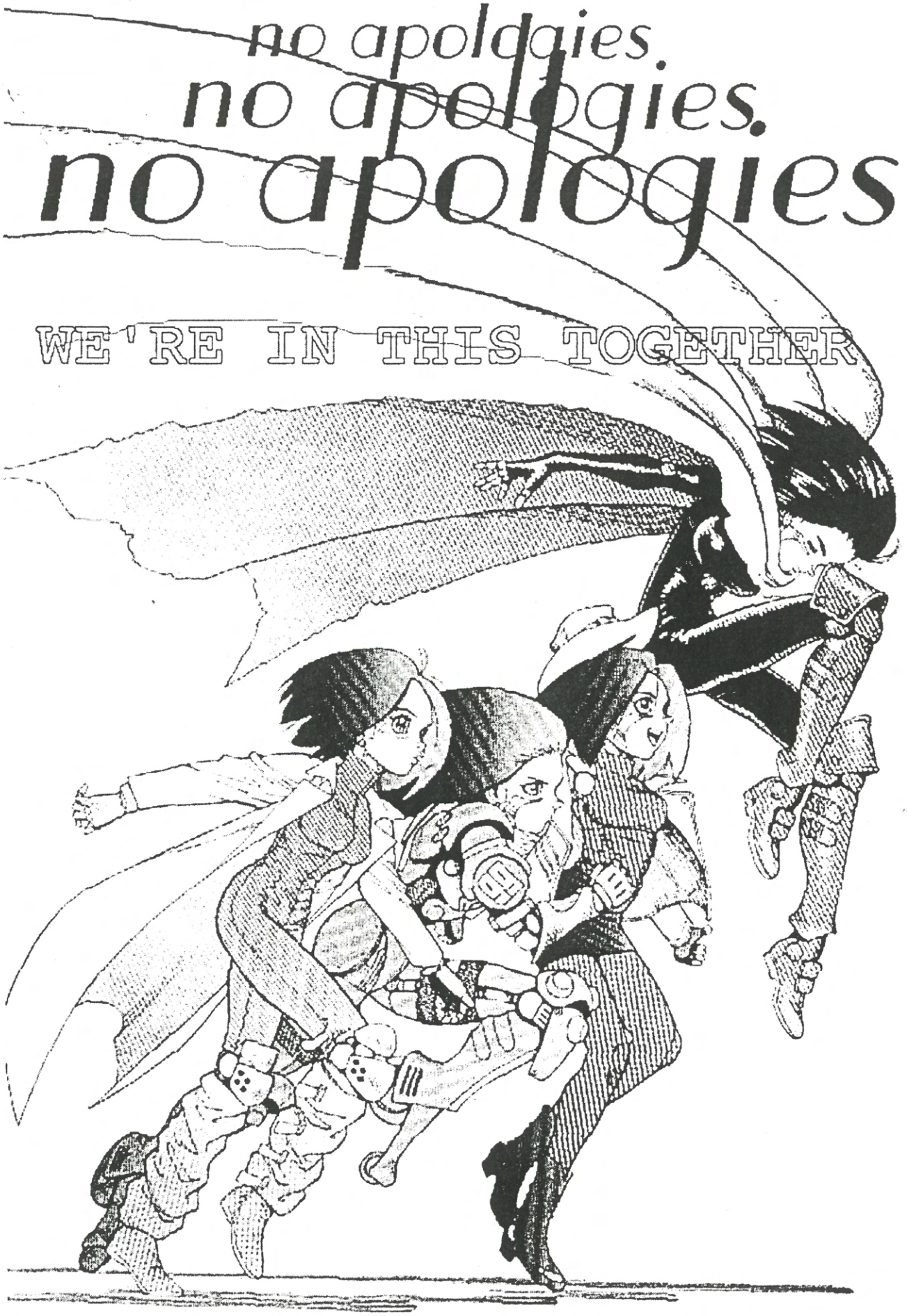
no apologies.
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no apologies
WE'RE IN THIS TOGETHER